

THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 1663.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE NEXT MEETING will be held at ABERDEEN, commencing on WEDNESDAY, September 14, 1859, under the Presidency of His Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT.

The Reception Room will be the Mechanics' Hall, Market-street.

Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, University Museum, Oxford; or to Prof. Nicol, Prof. Fuller, and John F. White, Esq., Local Secretaries, Aberdeen.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer.

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GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, and OF SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE ARTS.

Director.
Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON,
D.C.L. M.A. F.R.S. &c.

During the Session 1859-60, which will commence on the 3rd October, the following COURSES OF LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:

1. Chemistry. By A. W. Hofmann, LL.D. F.R.S. &c.
2. Metallurgy. By John Percy, M.D. F.R.S.
3. Natural History. By E. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy. By Warrington W. Smyth, M.A. F.R.S.
5. Mining. By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
6. Geology. By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics. By Robert Willis, M.A. F.R.S.
8. Physics. By G. G. Stokes, M.A. F.R.S.

Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by Mr. Binna.

The Fee for Matriculation Students (exclusive of the Laboratory) is 30s. in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of 15s.

Fees are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School) under the direction of Mr. Hofmann, at a Fee of 10s. for the Term of Three Months. The same Fee is charged in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Mr. Percy. Tickets to separate courses of Lectures are issued at 1s. 10s. and 2s. each. Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at a reduced rate.

Certified Schoolmasters, Pupil-Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced Fees. Exhibitions and others have also been established.

For a Prospectus and Information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, London.

FRENCHMAN REEKS, Registrar.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK. SESSION—1859-60.

MATRICULATION AND SCHOLARSHIP
EXAMINATIONS.

On TUESDAY, the 18th of OCTOBER next, at Ten o'clock, an EXAMINATION will be held for the MATRICULATION OF STUDENTS IN THE FACULTY OF ARTS, MEDICINE, and LAW, and in the DEPARTMENTS OF CIVIL ENGINEERING, and AGRICULTURE.

The EXAMINATIONS for Scholarships will commence on Tuesday, the 18th of OCTOBER. The Council have the power of conferring at these examinations TEN SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, of the value of 40s. each, viz.:—Seven in the Faculty of Arts, Two in the Faculty of Medicine, and One in the Faculty of Law; and FIFTY FIVE JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, viz.:—FIFTEEN in Medicine, THREE in Law, and Two in Civil Engineering, of the value of 20s. each; and FOUR in Agriculture, of the value of 10s. each.

Prospectuses, containing full information as to the subjects of the Examinations, &c., may be had on application to the Registrar.

By order, ROBERT J. KENNY, Registrar.

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, SESSION 1859-60.

The Session opens on MONDAY, October 3rd, with an Introductory Address by Mr. HENRY, at 8 o'clock a.m.

The Hospital contains upwards of 300 beds, of which 180 are for Surgical and 120 for Medical cases. 2,100 in-patients were admitted during the past year; the number of out-patients during the same period amounted to 16,400.

General Fee for attendance on the Hospital Practice and Lectures required by the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Company, 5s. This sum may be paid by instalments of 25s. at the beginning of the first session, 25s. at the beginning of the second session, and 10s. at the beginning of the third session. For every additional session, 10s.

This fee admits the Students to the Practical Chemistry course, and to all other lectures delivered in the College except Comparative Anatomy.

All Students on entering will be required to sign an undertaking to conform to the laws relating to the discipline of the Hospital and College.

T. W. NUNN, DEAN.

KENSINGTON HALL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION FOR LADIES, North End, Fulham.

Lady Superintendent—Mrs. JOHNSON.
Director of Education—Mr. JOHNSON.

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The Lectures and classes include courses of English Literature, Mental Philosophy, Natural History, Natural Philosophy, and the application of Science to Education, Domestic Economy, and the History of England during the present month, and will be happy to take back any young Ladies committed to her care. Prospectuses may be had, and references are given to English private and day schools still at the present month, and will be happy to take back any young Ladies committed to her care.

THE NEXT TERM begins Sept. 12 and ends Dec. 18.

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PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.
HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.— FACULTY OF MEDICINE.—Session 1859-60.

THE SESSION will OPEN on MONDAY the 3rd of October, on which day MEETINGS of the Professors, Students of the Faculty and their friends, will be held at 3 and 5 p.m.

The Courses of Lectures, &c., will commence on TUESDAY, October 4th.

Classes, in the order in which Lectures are delivered during the day:—

WINTER TERM.

Anatomy—Professor Ellis.
Anatomy and Physiology—Professor Sharpey, M.D. F.R.S.
Chemistry—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.
Comparative Anatomy—Professor Grant, M.D. F.R.S.
Surgery—Professor Erichsen.
Practical Physiology and Histology—Professor Harley.
Medicine—Professor Walke, M.D.
Dental Surgery—Mr. G. A. Hebert.

Practical Anatomy—The Pupils will be directed in their studies during several hours daily by Professor Ellis, and Mr. William F. Tecran, Demonstrator.

SUMMER TERM.

Maternal Medicine—Professor Garrod, M.D. F.R.S.
Pathological Anatomy—Professor Jenner, M.D.
Medical Jurisprudence—Professor Harley, M.D.
Practical Chemistry—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.
Midwifery—Professor Murphy, M.D.
Palaeontology—Professor Grant, M.D. F.R.S.
Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery—Professor T. Wharton Jones, F.R.S.

Botany—Professor Lindley, Ph.D. F.R.S.
Practical Instruction in Operative Surgery—John Marshall, F.R.S.
Analytical Chemistry—Professor Williamson throughout the Session.

Logic, French and German Languages, Natural Philosophy, Geology and Mineralogy, according to announcement for the Faculty of Arts.

CLINICAL INSTRUCTION.

Hospital Practice daily throughout the year.
Physicians—Dr. Walke, Dr. Parkes, Dr. Garrod, Dr. Jenner.
Obstetric Physician—Dr. Murphy.

Assistant-Physician—Dr. Hare.
Surgeons—Mr. Quain, Mr. Erichsen.

Consulting Surgeon to the Eye Infirmary—Mr. Quain, F.R.S.
Ophthalmic Surgeon—Mr. Wharton Jones.

Assistant-Surgeons—Mr. Marshall, F.R.S., Mr. Henry Thompson.
Dental Surgeon—Mr. G. A. Hebert.

Medical Clinical Lectures by Dr. Walke, Dr. Garrod, and Dr. Murphy, also by Dr. Parkes, Professor of Clinical Medicine, whose special duty it is to train the Pupils in the practical study of disease, and who gives a series of lessons and examinations on the physical phenomena and diagnosis of disease to classes consisting of a limited number, and meeting at separate hours.

Surgical Clinical Lectures, especially by Mr. Quain, and by Mr. Erichsen.

Lectures on Ophthalmic Cases by Mr. Wharton Jones.
Practical Instructions in the Application of Bandages and other Surgical Apparatus, by Mr. Marshall.

Practical Pharmacy—Pupils are instructed in the Hospital Dispensary.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the office of the College.

Prizes.—Gold and Silver Medals for excellence in the examinations at the close of the courses in most of the classes.

Liston Gold Medal for Clinical Surgery.

Dr. Folio's Medals for Clinical Medicine, two gold and two silver.

Pittier Exhibition for proficiency in Pathological Anatomy, 3rd London Exhibition for general proficiency in Medicine and Surgery, 40s.

An Atkinson Morley Surgical Scholarship for the Promotion of the Study of Surgery, 100s.; tenable for three years.

RESIDENCE OF STUDENTS.—Several of the Professors receive Students to reside with them, and in the office of the College there is kept a register of parties, unconnected with the College, who receive boarders into their families. Among these are several Medical Gentlemen. The register will afford information as to terms and other particulars.

A. W. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S., Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

August, 1859.

LECTURES TO THE CLASSES OF THE FACULTY OF ARTS will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 15th of October.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 20th of September.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

A Class will meet, by permission of the Council, at University College, London, early in October, for the purpose of reading the Subjects required at the Matriculation Examination to be held in January, 1860.

The Class will be instructed by WILLIAM WATSON, B.A., London, and ERNEST ADAMS, Ph.D., London.

For further particulars apply to Mr. WATSON, 60, Oakley-square, N.W.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. B.A. EXAMINATION.

Gentlemen intending to proceed to the First or Second B.A. Examination, 1860, are informed that Classes will meet early in October for the purpose of reading the Subjects required at the above Examinations, under the Direction of WILLIAM WATSON, B.A., London, and ERNEST ADAMS, Ph.D.

For further particulars apply to Mr. WATSON, 60, Oakley-square, N.W.

UNIVERSITY HALL, GORDON-SQUARE, LONDON.

THIS INSTITUTION will RE-OPEN in OCTOBER NEXT, under the superintendence of the Principal, Rev. EDWARD BENDISCH, Esq., M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, for the reception of Students at University College during the Academic Session.

Information respecting the arrangements of the Hall, Terms of Residence, &c., may be obtained, on application, at the Hall, or by letter addressed to the Principal.

August, 1859. F. MANING NEEDHAM, Hon. Sec.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—The PRO- SPECTUS for the Academic Year, commencing October 1, 1859 (containing information about the several Departments of Theology, General Literature, Medicine, Applied Sciences, and Military Science, as well as about the School and the Evening Classes), is now ready, and will be sent on application to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., King's College, London, W.C.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY, KING'S COL- LEGE, LONDON.—The LABORATORY will be RE- OPENED on MONDAY, October 3.

Students may be received into this Laboratory who are not connected with any of the Departments of the College. They conduct their experiments independently of each other, under the guidance of the Professors and Demonstrator.

Particular attention is devoted to Analytical Chemistry, and its Application to the Arts and Manufactures, to Medicine, Agriculture, Mining, and the Assaying of Urals.

The Daniell Scholarship, of the annual value of 50s., tenable for two years, is given every second year for the best series of Researches in Chemistry made since the last award, and may be competed for by all Students working in the Laboratory for a period of not less than six months.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.— FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAWS.—Session 1859-60.

THE SESSION will COMMENCE on WEDNESDAY, October 12, when Professor NEWMAN will deliver an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 3 o'clock precisely.

CLASSES.

Latin—Professor Newman.
Greek—Professor Maltby.
Sanskrit—Professor Goldstickner.

Hebrew (Goldsmid Professorship)—Professor Marks.
Arabic and Persian—Rieu, Ph.D.
Hindustani, Telugu, Tamil—Professor Von Streng.
Gujarati—Professor Dadabhai Naoroji.

English Language and Literature—Professor Masson, A.M.
French Language and Literature—Professor Merlet.
Italian Language and Literature—Professor Arrivabene, LL.D.
German Language and Literature—Professor Heilmann, Ph.D.

Comparative Grammar—Professor Key, A.M.
Mathematics—Professor De Morgan.
Natural Philosophy and Astronomy—Professor Potter, A.M.

Chemistry—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.
Practical Chemistry—Professor Williamson.
Civil Engineering—Professor Fox.

Mechanics—Principles of Engineering—Professor Eaton Hodgkinson, F.R.S.
Architecture—Professor Donaldson, Ph.D. M.I.R.A.
Geology (Goldsmid Professorship)—Professor Morris, F.G.S.

Mineralogy—Professor Morris, F.G.S.
Drawing Teacher—Mr. Moore.
Botany—Professor Lindley, Ph.D. F.R.S.

Zoology (Recent and Fossil)—Professor Grant, M.D. F.R.S.
Philosophy of Mind and Logic—Professor the Rev. J. Hoppus, Ph.D. F.R.S.

Ancient and Modern History—Professor Crasay, A.M.
Political Economy—Professor Waley, A.M.
Law—Professor Russell, LL.B.

Jurisprudence—Professor Green, LL.B.
Schoolmasters' Classes—Professors Newman, Malden, De Morgan, and Potter.

RESIDENCE OF STUDENTS.—Several of the Professors receive students to reside with them, and in the office of the College there is kept a register of parties who receive boarders into their families. The register will afford information as to terms and other particulars.

ANDREWS SCHOLARSHIPS.—In October, 1860, two Andrews Scholarships will be awarded—one of 50s. for proficiency in Latin and Greek, and one of 50s. for proficiency in mathematics and natural philosophy. Candidates must have been, during the academic year immediately preceding, matriculated students in the College or pupils in the School.

A Joseph Hume Scholarship in Political Economy of 50s. a year tenable for three years, will be awarded in December, 1859, and in December of every third year afterwards. A Joseph Hume Scholarship in Jurisprudence of 50s. a year tenable for three years, will be awarded in December of 1861, and in December of every third year afterwards. A Ricardo Scholarship in Political Economy of 20s. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December, 1860, and in December of every third year afterwards. Candidates must have been, during the academic year immediately preceding, matriculated students of the College, and must produce satisfactory evidence of having regularly attended the class on the subject of the scholarship.

Prize for Law, 10s. for 1860.

Jews' Commemorative scholarships.—A Scholarship of 15s. a year, tenable for two years, will be awarded every year to the Student of the Faculty of Arts, of not more than one year's standing in the College, who shall be most distinguished by general proficiency and good conduct.

College Prize for English Essay, 5s. for 1860.

Latin Prose Essay Prize (Reading Room Society's prize), 5s. for 1860.

Prospectuses and other particulars may be obtained at the office of the College; also special prospectuses, showing the courses of instruction in the College in the subjects of the examinations for the civil and military diplomas.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

August, 1859.

THE SESSION OF THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE will COMMENCE on MONDAY, the 3rd of October.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 20th of September.

LADIES' COLLEGE, THE WOODLANDS, Clapham Rise.

THE PUPILS will RE-ASSEMBLE THURSDAY, September 15th.

The Lectures on Natural History and Chemistry will be resumed in October.

Mrs. D'Evelville Hope will re-commence her Lessons on Monday, October 10th, and on Saturday, October 15th, a Class will be formed for Harmony and Thorough Bass.

September, 1859.

THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION, 24, SOHO-SQUARE.—MRS. WAGHOEN, who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of the Society, Gentlemen, and Principals of Schools to her LIST of English and Foreign GOVERNESSES, TEACHERS, COMPANIONS, TUTORS, and PROFESSORS. School Property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

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Arrangements have been made with the London and North-
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Transit of Members and Associates to the Aberdeen Meeting. The
above Companies have engaged to issue First-class Return
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the 20th inst., both inclusive, on presenting at the Stations a
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James Tennant, 125, Strand.
Brice M. Wright, 30, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.
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LITERATURE

Observations, and Reply to the Allocution, the Encyclic Letter, and the Theories of Public Law, of His Holiness—[Intorno all' Allocuzione, &c.]. By the Cavaliere Achille Gennarelli. (Firenze.)

At a moment when discussions are pending at Zurich big with the fate of Italy, the value of every contribution to the sum of facts which may set in a clearer light the conduct of her present rulers and the existing condition of her States, is great.

For Piedmont, indeed, the brave, active little kingdom, and her *Rè galantuomo*, there is no lack of sympathy in English hearts. There is now no chance of hearing such a question put in any remotest corner of England as was addressed not many years back by a worthy, dozy Devonshire squire to a brother member of the grand jury in Assize week, *à propos* of a foreigner lately come into their neighbourhood:—"A Pidmontese!" quoth he; "why what the Devil's a Pidmontese?" Still less would it be possible now-a-days to hear a similar rejoinder to that made in perfect good faith by his more enlightened friend:—"Oh, a Piedmontese, you see, is a fellow with a white mouse and an organ!" The days are left behind when trays of plaster casts seemed to English eyes the distinguishing badge of the lower classes of Italians, as moustaches, *stilettoes*, and imaginary Countships were supposed to be of the higher. Still, while such grosser errors have happily faded in the daylight of clearer knowledge with the grotesque traditions of Johnny Crapaud and his diet of frogs and *soupe maigre*, it is too true that through the length and breadth of our island there are thousands who, if need were, would open their purses to further the Italian cause, while they have not the most distant dream of opening their hearts to it as to the cause of men struggling as our own fathers struggled for an end which has made England what she is, and fitted her for what she shall be. The States of Central Italy they declare will have no more of the greed, ferocity, and insolence inflicted on them for many generations by the ruthless policy of Vienna. Is the time so far behind us when the ancestors of Englishmen, now so justly proud of their liberties, looked with equal dread, suspicion, and abhorrence on the intrigues and influences of the Court of St. Germain's?

The aim of the Latin people of the Peninsula is to gain that free footing, social and political, which the Saxon won for itself nearly two centuries ago. The means, allowing for some differences of national character and organization, are the same in both cases. Does it matter to the main question whether the workers towards such an end be two millions or thirty? The amount of suffering and provocation endured by the Latin is infinitely beyond what the Saxon people ever had to bear. The degradation consequent on such endurance has spread far wider and deeper, and the effort required of the nation to lift itself to a sense of national unity and honour is beyond measure greater and more meritorious.

The revolutionized Duchies are not labouring as those who have no hope. Their case is less desperate than that of Romagna, whose wrongs were even deeper than theirs, and which has wrenched itself free from a bondage complicated by the tangles of an ancient web of privilege and priestcraft. The people of the Roman States have been condemned to

writhe under a government, the like of whose misrule exists nowhere throughout civilized Europe, except perhaps in Naples, not for their own demerits, but for the superstitious reverence paid by the great Catholic powers of Europe to the fetish of the Triple Crown.

It is no light matter to do battle with even the outworks of a faith which clenches its roots deep in "the terror and sins of men." Yet, in this warfare alone seems to lie the solution of the Roman question. The essential principle of Papal sway is immutability; the universal requirement of the Papal States is progressive reform.

That the Papal Government in its exercise of temporal power has all too long been tried and found wanting, is too plain a fact to need proof. Witness a beggared and benighted people, a weak and dissolute nobility, an impoverished territory, in great part of which not only want and crime but disease and death are the sole crops that spring rankly from a soil made pestiferous by centuries of merciless neglect; witness a depth of popular ignorance and superstition, almost too gross to be credible, fostered with jealous watchfulness by priestly rulers, who in most cases spare the ignorance, and in all batten on the fruits of the superstition.

These are the glaring results of Papal temporal sway. And so plain in the eyes of the mass of thinking men throughout Italy is the miserable condition of the patrimony of St. Peter, and so clearly defined its cause, that not only the heretic Englishman, but the Catholic Italian, born and bred up in the faith which makes the infallibility of the Pontiff *a sine qua non* of salvation, has learnt to regard the separation between Rome's temporal and spiritual power as the only means of arresting the canker which, whatever be the ultimate arrangement of Italy, will never, so long as it continues its workings in the Central States, permit the other elements to attain an enduring balance of unity and prosperity.

The Cavaliere Achille Gennarelli, author of the work before us, is an advocate of the Court of Rome, already known to English readers by his publication of the first part of Burckhardt's celebrated Chronicle, and by his subsequent controversy on the subject with the Jesuit writers of the *Civiltà Cattolica*. No modern Italian pen is better fitted than his to deal with the specious sophisms and hair-breadth distinctions of Romish casuistry. He brings his blows to bear as neatly on a needle-point as on a battle-axe, and lies in wait for his adversary as coolly behind a harmless looking mole-hill as a bristly fortress-wall. Therefore is he looked upon as one of the most parous opponents of the ultra-Catholic party.

The main source of interest to English readers in such a work as this of Signor Gennarelli is the light in which the author, whom we take to be, as he professes, an orthodox Catholic, scruples not to put the ticklish and difficult question of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, namely, that it is only a mere clog and stone of stumbling in the way of his spiritual power, and will, if left unchanged, involve the whole fabric in anarchy and ruin. It is a reply to, and observation on, the Pope's Circular Letter and Address to the Consistory in June last, and opens with a few prefatory lines, in which the author premises that "without any intention of failing in reverence towards the august Head of the Catholic faith," he has undertaken to examine the documents in question. Examination into the reasonableness of such authorities is, we know, one of the blackest sins in Rome's catalogue of offences; but Signor Gennarelli offers, as an excuse for his over-boldness, the well-

known fact that, "as often as the Pontiff defines the dogmas and interprets *ex cathedra* the faith of the Church, he is, according to the most generally received doctrines, infallible. But in his judgment of civil rights, and of temporal affairs, he is no more than a man, liable, like other men, to error. It is then lawful (says he) for every Catholic to pass judgment on the acts of the sovereign of Rome, and therefore of the Pope, in things beyond the sphere of dogmatical questions; and we would refer any one who doubts this, not to Bianchi-Giovini, but to Baronius and Rainaldi; that is, to the official historians of the Church." With this preface, the author, in his character of a "good citizen," proceeds at once to examine whether His Holiness possesses or not a right to inflict the dreaded censures of the Church on the defenders of Italian liberty, "and to reply to the doctrines published by His Holiness on matters of universal right, in which the Pontifical authority can make no change, seeing that the rights of men take their rise from God himself, than whom is none greater."

The Pope's Address to the Cardinals in Consistory, and his Circular Letter, have already made the tour of the European journals, and have awakened no little wonder and amusement in heretic breasts at the *naïveté* of self-compassion displayed in them, and the sheer astonishment and indignation expressed by His Holiness at the fact that his perverse subjects will persist in differing from him in their estimate of the excellence of the rule beneath which they live. The feverish tossings of his oppressed dominions the Pope stigmatizes as "an abominable conspiracy and rebellion got up by a few most wicked (*iniquissimi*) persons; brought about by means of detestable and clandestine assemblages, by base intrigues with persons from neighbouring States" (all that is Tuscan is tabooed since the 27th of April), "by fraudulent and calumnious libels, and many other deceptions and perverse arts."

The first point on which Signor Gennarelli, with all due reverence, ventures to differ from the sentence of pontifical wisdom is that passage of the Address in which the Pope refers to the 22nd Session, chap. xi., of the Council of Trent, to prove that the greater excommunication is incurred, *ipso facto*, by those who impugn, oppose, or agree to take from the Pontiff his temporal sovereignty. This, Signor Gennarelli refutes by quoting the passage referred to, both in the original Latin and the translation made from it by Padre Soldati, Secretary to the Congregation of the Index.

It is a hard thing to be "hoist with one's own petard," but the document so unluckily cited by Pius the Ninth does assuredly menace with the thunders of the Church such persons only, "churchmen or laymen, as shall presume to convert to their own use the jurisdiction, profits, emoluments, bequests, &c., destined to supply the needs of the sacred ministry, or to be distributed among the poor of some church." It further directs that such persons shall be considered as still lying under sentence of anathema "until they shall have entirely restored the said jurisdiction, profits, emoluments, &c., to the said church, benefice, or persons administering the same." "And if such person possess the patronage of such church, he shall, besides the above-named penalties, be deprived thereof."

It is beyond all doubt [says Signor Gennarelli] that the whole of this paragraph relates only to church property and jurisdiction. If the present sovereign of Rome, in the matter of his temporal power, intends to look upon himself as holding a benefice, and on the whole of the Roman States

as composing that benefice, it is an error which Europe can never seriously accept. Europe did not leave the Pope his sovereignty in right of the 22nd Session of the Council of Trent, but of the political reasons which guided the arrangements of the Treaty of Vienna, and it would be truly absurd for a Pontiff, throned in the Vatican in 1859, that is, in the midst of the light of that civilization which illuminates the generations of the nineteenth century, to consider mankind as property, and States as fiefs, when it is precisely the Church which has brought down the pride of the powerful, broken the chains of the slave, declared all men to be equal, raised the sovereignty of the people to the height of an immutable principle of right by the system of election of popes, bishops, and kings. I grieve [continues Signor Gennarelli] that the councilors of the Prince should have abused the authority of the Pontiff, to make him utter things which he has no right to say, which work infinite harm to the Papacy, and are a cause of scandal to Catholics of every country, who see the Pontifical dignity degraded into becoming the instrument of miserable worldly ambition.

The mistake which Signor Gennarelli lays to the account of the Pope's evil advisers, respectfully holding that they alone *must* be to blame, is, indeed, so grossly palpable that it seems strange that the shrewd and wily judgment of the Cardinal Secretary of State should not have foreseen its discovery. The very rubric attached to the chapter containing it runs as follows:—"Bonorum cuiusque ecclesie aut pii loci occupatores puniuntur." (The usurpers of the property of any church or pious foundation are punished.) And it is further expressly said, that this property is applied to the wants of the sacred ministry, or is destined for the poor; but not a single word does the document contain which can for a moment apply to the Pope's temporal dominions. The Council of Trent was, indeed, convoked for the purpose of effecting reforms in the abuses of the Romish Church, of passing judgment on its controversial questions, and of laying down rules of ecclesiastical discipline, but nothing more. The questions now at issue have no connexion whatever with its provisions, nor can they, by possibility, fall under its censures.

In 1849 the Court of Rome put forward, as it does now, the authority of the Council of Trent, to prove that its subjects had no right to elect a Constituent Assembly, and declared that all who should vote for the candidates would incur the greater excommunication, by virtue of the same 22nd Session, chap. xi., quoted above, which seems the favourite *cheval de bataille* of the Sacred College. But the bold Romagnoli utterly repudiated the terrible sentence, and crowded to the polling-places to the number of 257,000 voters, each, of course, the responsible head of a family, and the Bishop of Rieti, one of an illustrious minority of churchmen, was the first of his fellow-citizens to drop his vote into the urn. By giving rise to such a damning fact as this, our author says:

Cardinal Antonelli was guilty of plainly proving to the world that the almost entire population of the Roman States despises the censures of the Church when they are used only as instruments of abuse, injustice, and disorder; when they are but a poor pretext for tyranny, and for the glutting of earthly ambition rather than for the glory of God.—And, further on, he observes bitterly,—

The ministers of the Court of Rome should not be so ready to refer to the subject of excommunication. The story of it is the most terrible, the most disgraceful, connected with the Papacy; and woe to the world if any book could unfold to the people the infamous sources of most of the Papal anathemas. It would come down like a thunder-bolt on the Vatican.

With no less lawyerlike acumen than patriotic spirit, Signor Gennarelli combats the

principle from which the Pope starts in his Letter and Address, namely, the impossibility of his transmitting a diminished sovereignty to his successors, bound as he is by oath to maintain it inviolate. Our author calls this "a theory unknown to seventeen centuries of Christianity, to all the Fathers of the Church, to all the Councils, to all the Synods."—

The battles of the Lord [says he] were fought and won without the help of armies. Monarchs have trembled at the voice of an unarmed Pontiff, while Popes armed for combat fled from them almost always in disorder and dismay. History presents us with examples of wonderful times, when the world was won over to Christianity, and when the heads of the Church had no other weapons than eloquence, reason, and virtue; no other sway than that moral dominion exercised by the influence of a pure humility. Hence many Catholics consider this pretended necessity as a blasphemy hostile to the doctrines and history of the Church; and no wonder if they grieve to see it converted into a doctrine of the Roman Court! If the Apostles, if the holy Fathers, could rise from their graves and hear such strange assertions, they would veil their faces and weep over the misfortunes of the Church. Let Cardinal Antonelli read St. Bernard's letter to Pope Eugenius.

By way of equalizing the task to the well-known very moderate literary attainments of "Gasparone's nephew," the author adds, "there exists an excellent translation of it."

Signor Gennarelli is of opinion that, in the settlement of the Roman question, three things are primarily necessary:—"1st. The liberty and independence of the Holy Father; 2ndly. The participation of the Roman States in the common rights and constitution of the other States of Italy; 3rdly. The not using too great and sudden violence in the destruction of what the Holy See calls its right." To this end, he would have a neutral ground assigned to the Pope by the guarantee and intervention of the Catholic Powers. Not the entire city of Rome, says he, "for no one has a right to condemn the heirs of the old Roman name to die of barrenness, to vanish from history, to serve as slaves." If all had their just due, he thinks that to the Popes should be allotted that part of Rome commonly called *La Città Leonina*, stretching from Castel Sant' Angelo to Ponte Sisto. It is a circuit of about three miles, including St. Peter's, the immense Vatican and its gardens, and several other of the grand old palaces of Rome. These, thinks Signor Gennarelli, should be the Pope's limited possessions; and here he conceives, though we do not, that the Pontiff might again be throned as grandly and loftily in the Vatican as he was in the first eight centuries of the Faith. The Catholic Powers, our author says, should furnish him with a guard of honour; and Italy would, only too thankfully, supply him with abundant pecuniary resources. Thus defended against temporal storms, he thinks that the Pope, as spiritual head only of the Church, would be encircled by a triple reverence; and he quotes the words of Napoleon the Third—at present the dearest loved son of the Papacy,—to the effect that, in our times, not barren conquest, but moral power, is that which makes men great.

Signor Gennarelli quotes high ecclesiastical authority to prove that the temporal power is detrimental to the Holy See, in the following passage:—

The people is its own master, and has only God as judge over it. . . . And the Canon Law, which preserves the ancient traditions and discipline of the Church, pushes this doctrine of the will and judgment of the people so far, that among the very few causes for which a Bishop, indissolubly and indelibly bound to his Church, can be removed from his see, it enumerates that of the declared aversion of only a part of his spiritual children—

quem mala plebs oderit,—and it was perhaps this decision of the ancient lawgivers of the Church which inspired Cardinal Pacca, the venerable and learned Dean of the Sacred College, to express his opinion, that it would be, perhaps, for the greater glory of the Holy See to resign the temporal dominion of the Roman States.

As to the "impossibility" of a Pontiff renouncing a part of his dominions, Signor Gennarelli simply lays before his readers a well-known page from the annals of the close of the last century, which triumphantly decides the question:—

When the Commissaries of Pope Pius the Sixth went to Tolentino to treat with General Bonaparte, the Pope's orders to them were, "So as the faith be not touched, in all else give way"; and in effect, on the 19th of February, 1797, Pius the Sixth gave up to the French Republic Avignon and the Comté Venaissin, and resigned the provinces of Bologna, Ferrara, Forlì, and Ravenna, without any reserve whatever. Was Pius the Sixth not bound by the same oaths as Pius the Ninth? General Bonaparte, who drew up the treaty, had the shrewdness in its 17th Article to give up in the name of the Republic all the rights possessed by it over several religious foundations in Rome and Loretto, in order to obtain from the Holy See the cession on its part of all the allodial possessions which it held in the provinces resigned, in order that priestly cunning might advance no future claim to them. When Pius the Seventh afterwards ascended the Papal throne he not only did not protest against the cession made by Pius the Sixth, not only did he not make reclamation on account of his violated oaths, but confirmed the treaty of Tolentino, and renounced, by the following Concordat, in favour of the Italian Republic a great part of the ecclesiastical rights exercised by the Popes in the provinces resigned.

We will not trouble our readers with any extracts from the Concordat, which is printed at full length, and by which the ecclesiastical rights in the Roman provinces are limited within the strictest and narrowest possible bounds in all matters not merely religious. Signor Gennarelli wisely quotes it for the benefit of his Catholic Italian readers, to whom it must fully prove the authority which exists for that oath-breaking process which is an object of such abomination to the present Pope.

Having thus closed the argumentative part of his valuable little book, Signor Gennarelli takes a rapid survey of the present state of things in the Papal dominions. This glance at the miseries and falsehoods of the pontifical rule is however but cursory, for the author intends, as he says, to publish another work almost directly, entitled 'The Sufferings of the Roman States during the last Ten Years,'—"a work," he adds, "which will make any man shudder who has a heart." He glances, however, at the monstrous ill-deeds of Cardinal Antonelli, and considers that the greatest part of the reprobation with which we regard the present hideous state of the Papal sway is due to the fierce, artful, and unprincipled man who virtually rules the State. What civilized country ever heard before of such monstrous injustice as the following?—

The spirited youth of the Romagnoli cities rise as one man to join the war. They demand their passports to hasten to the camp where Napoleon the Third and Victor Emmanuel are the captains; and in reply those who are not persecuted and thrust into prison are compelled to accept a decree of exile! Yes, as I now write, on the 10th of July, young men are still arriving from the Roman provinces who, responding to the call of Napoleon the Third to fight for the liberation of their country (!), have been forced to bind themselves to a sentence of perpetual exile! Justice of God! Is this a civilized Government of the nineteenth century, or a Government of savages? Twenty thousand brave

young fellows who took up arms for freedom and for their country, who are shedding their blood in the holiest cause, *banished* in the name of a man who is the minister of the Lord! We trust in God and our right; and the right will triumph.

To show the degree of affection with which the Papal Government is regarded by its subjects, Signor Gennarelli refers to the political trials instituted at Ravenna between 1843 and 1845, which were quoted, as many of our readers may remember, some years back in Cav. Massimo d'Azeglio's book, entitled 'I Casi di Romagna.' In the course of that trial, the Inspector of Police, who was summoned as a witness by the Government authorities, declared that "all the population of Ravenna was fiercely opposed to the Government, and that the police registers show only about thirty names of persons who may be called friends to the Holy See." Another witness, also a Government employé, affirmed that it was notoriously certain that at Ravenna the greater part of the population was inimical to the Government, for they are ALL, as they say, liberals. And so Signor Gennarelli goes on through a long list of similar testimonies, with references to the public documents from which they are derived. Ravenna is not remarkable, we believe, among the cities of Romagna for any extraordinary degree of political enthusiasm. *Ab uno disce omnes*, says Signor Gennarelli; neither does the date of the year make any difference in the applicability of the testimony. The endurance of ten more years of humiliation and slavery is not likely to have made the people of Romagna more disposed to love their oppressors than they were in 1849,—nor less disposed, if ever the hour of retribution should sound, and the foreign force which holds them down be removed while their wrongs are yet unredressed, to toll the bells for another Sicilian Vespers against every priest in Romagna.

Our readers have doubtless read in the official Roman journal, or perchance in some laudatory paragraph of the *Univers*, the name of Filippo Nardoni, the right-hand man and intimate associate of Cardinal Antonelli, who has given him the command of the Papal Gendarmerie in recompense for his good services.—

This same Nardoni (says Signor Gennarelli), under the Government of Napoleon the First, in 1812, was condemned to the pillory, to five years' labour on the public works, and to the surveillance of the police for life, as a thief and a forger. The sentence, which I sought for and found in the principal archives of the department of the Tronto, was published by me in the Roman journal, *La Speranza*, on the 6th of November, 1848, and, subsequently, several times in Italy and in France. * * It is true that when I printed the document, Nardoni sent me word, through Father Domenico Buttaoni, the Guardian of the Sacred Palaces, that the thefts committed were mere juvenile errors, to satisfy an innocent passion, that of gambling in the lottery; but neither I nor others can admit that theft grows lawful if it be committed to give the citizens the pleasure of lottery-gambling.

So much for Antonelli's friend and satellite. As an instance of the dishonesty with which judicial trials are carried on there, we may quote the following anecdote, for which Signor Gennarelli vouches:—

The inhabitants of Tesi had a solemn mass sung in the church for the souls of their fellow-citizens who fell in fight at Vicenza. The Papal and Austrian Governments tried to make it appear that this religious duty was a political demonstration, and punished many of those who had assisted at it with fines and flogging. But there exists a scandalous document on the subject. It is a letter from the Austrian General Pfanzetter (another Urban) to the Governor of Tesi, Count Cavaliere Giuseppe Garampi, reproaching him severely (an Austrian General reproaching the Pope's Governor!!) for

having inserted in the trial false depositions of witnesses suborned beyond a possibility of doubt. He orders the fines paid by Giuseppe Fiacconi, Giuseppe Pavoni, and Clitofonte Valesi, to be refunded, having assured himself that on the day of the crime (the mass) the first accused was at Ancona, the second at Macerata, and the last, not present at the church. Is not this a little sample of morality, which gives an idea of what kind are the tools of the priestly Government!

Signor Gennarelli but slightly mentions the late horrible Perugian massacre, the rewards for the perpetration of which are hardly yet exhausted by Papal generosity. He rather dilates upon less known, but not less hateful, deeds of blood and violence which mark the career of the "man of the age," as the Jesuit party call Antonelli. Such is the fact of his having brought to execution about five hundred persons, most of them for political offences,—a greater number than all the Governments of Europe united had put to death in the same space of time. And "of his having crowded the prisons with such a mass of political offenders as to endanger the public health by the breaking out, on three different occasions, of the terrible jail pestilence, as was declared by the Medical College at Rome."

We would recommend every one who desires to obtain a true view of the Roman question to read Signor Gennarelli's 'Reply'; for they will hardly meet, we think, with a surer guide, both as to the truths he tells and his way of telling them.

Realities of Paris Life. By the Author of 'Flemish Interiors.' 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE author of 'Realities of Paris Life' devotes ten pages of preface and six pages of introduction to an explanation of the reason why he has filled upwards of a thousand pages with matter descriptive of the manners and institutions of the great city which is now within ten hours of London. The reader is invited to new scenes, far away from Meurice's and the Palais Royal. The author declares that he is bold because he breaks new ground; and with a contemptuous allusion to all writers on Paris who have gone before him, he naively proceeds to afford his readers pictures of the Temple, the Marché des Innocents, the Pays Latin, and the Cité Doré. We are invited to stare, for the first time, at the squalor of the Rue Mouffetard, and to be lost in wonder at the "Californie." Long pages about Paris cabs are given as original information; together with dissertations on the manner of paving and cleansing Paris streets. The author offers his revelations with all the air of a man who is unfolding the wonders of an unexplored region with the sweet satisfaction of a traveller who has the source of the Nile bubbling, at last, at his weary feet. This simplicity is amusing.

Have not chiffonniers been made familiar images to us long since? The Californie has been described again and again. "Paris on Wheels" is a chapter in the 'Imperial Paris' of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. Bayle St. John painted the Pays Latin with no unskilful brush. Mr. Coping only recently gave the world some pleasant pictures of the gay city of Boulevards. We are familiar with the scenes of the Barrière Mont Parnasse,—we have explored "cités,"—we have seen the Paris markets open,—and we have long ago had careful descriptions, accompanied by curious statistics, of the "Marchands des Quatre Saisons." Very little of the ground trodden is new. But these three volumes include excellent matter nevertheless. Stories of work-people; abundance of happy

anecdotes of chiffonniers and gamins; salt-banques and dodging tradesmen; a careful analysis of the charity which protects the poor of Paris; and some curious prison revelations, afford three volumes of pleasant and useful reading. The "Œuvres" of Paris are peculiar; and the author of 'Realities of Paris Life' has studied them *à fond*. All his information has been conscientiously collected. It is evident that he has spent time with the classes he describes. He is master of the *argot* of the Temple and the Montagne Ste.-Généviève. We repeat it,—very pleasant and useful reading is the result of the author's labour, as we shall endeavour to prove,—but the pastures to which we are led are not new; on the contrary, they are lined with the paths beaten out by previous travellers, thickly as a railway terminus is lined.

The Temple has been a hundred times described—by matter-of-fact chronicles and in effervescent romance,—yet our author has still something interesting to tell us about his personal experiences in the old-clothes region—beyond the distinctions between a "mastiqueur" and a "rapoteuse." Let us see where the old clothes go:—

"Old ecclesiastical vestments are always welcome in Brazil, where priests are numerous, and richer articles of this description are disposed of in Peru and Chili. All their old head-gear, and heaven knows what must be the quantity, is forwarded to St. Domingo: the blacks are exceedingly proud of a European hat, especially a white one. They wear them with an independence of taste which renders them exceedingly indulgent as to the form they may have acquired. Of French practices they have only retained that of wearing hats, and it is to be regretted that it never occurs to them to make them, as do their former masters, a medium for demonstrations of politeness. Perhaps they may acquire the custom one day. As for shoes and boots, they make the best of their way to California, they are transmitted by thousands of pairs to those auriferous regions where millionaires, it would seem, have not shoes to their feet, unlike this hemisphere, where those who go barefoot are usually anything but millionaires. *Apropos de bottes*, we were once told that the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar was, that while the former *issues manifestos*, the latter *manifests toes without his shoes*. We recommend that this ingenious distinction be communicated to the Californians with the next cargo. Old shirts, it would seem, remain attached to the soil, and whenever a solution of continuity takes place in their component parts, after an acquaintance with the *crochet* and the *hotte*, they pass through the mill, to re-appear—rejuvenated like the dry bones of Eson from Medea's caldron—in the form of those elegant albums which decorate the boudoir-tables of our *belles*, or under the guise of a rose-coloured and perfumed *poulet* presented to their dainty fingers on a silver salver. Fortunately its various transmutations are not revealed to them! Ladies' cast-off garments have a brisk sale in Hindostan. The fashions, to be sure, are somewhat antiquated; but 'parmi les aveugles les borgnes sont rois,' and a cut which appeared four years ago in Paris, is as elegant with those who see it for the first time as it was with the Parisians then. Consequently, the wives of a countless number of petty employés in Madras and Calcutta eagerly compete for the first choice of this quondam finery. After all, it is only an exchange; India sends to Paris its old cashmeres; Paris sends to India its old gowns. We are inclined to ask, 'Why could not each rest content with its own?' Jamaica and the Philippines are insatiable in their demands for old French gloves—cleaned and scented, of course. Will it be believed that 6,000,000 pairs are annual shipped for these facile customers?"

A sincere sympathiser with the hardships of the poor, the author of 'Realities of Paris Life' visited those strange Encampments of the children of Lazarus, which lie, like ulcers, round

about Paris. Here is his description of Le Trou aux Rats,—the Rat-Hole:

"In the environs of Paris are smiling plains, delightful gardens, superb parks, and beautiful forests; but nature must always have her varieties, and, as if to set off these enchantments, we find, in juxtaposition, barren mountains, sandy patches, and uninviting flats. If, on the one hand, magnificent châteaux and pleasant country seats convey the idea of wealth and hospitality; on the other, hovels and dens chill us with their aspect of dreariness and dilapidation. Perhaps this contrast nowhere strikes us so forcibly as in that district which lies between 'Charonne' and 'Menilmontant,' though the aspect of the hillocks of 'Chaumont' and 'Montfaucon' is certainly as gloomy, as barren, and as chalky as can well be imagined. It is not very extensive; nevertheless, we might travel through Brittany or the 'Pays des Landes' without finding a locality more steep, more rugged, or more wild. Amongst these gorges it is that a new colony has established itself, a colony characterized by poverty and rags, an asylum for the vagrant victims of neglect and want. The ground has been wholly drained of all that gave it value; the potter, the brick-maker, the plasterer, the quarrier, have, each in their turn, robbed it of its fuller's earth, brick earth, lime, and stone, and it is left worthless and abandoned, to waste. Thus it is that we may see it invaded by a starved and half-naked population, who, cast out from society, have come to make it their abode. They scrape together all the refuse of their predecessors on the now impoverished soil, and with it construct, as best they may, their miserable cabins. The description of these dwellings is soon given: a few rough stones fixed one upon the other, with mud-mortar, sometimes rough planks for the floor, and for the roof a few more covered with tarred paper, kept in its place by heavy stones. They are to a certain extent a shelter from the weather, and that is all that can be said. The rains of heaven may still filter through their leaky covering; the winds and storms may drive their chilling blast through the frail tenement from fissure to fissure; the bare and crazy walls are no protection against cold, and the snow drifts through the clefts of the joinings, while the summer sun, in its turn, broils the wretched inmates with its scorching heat, bringing forward the vermin which infests themselves and their dwellings. The damp does its part, and the blocks of wood, which are their only furniture, are generally rotted by the end of the winter. All they can be said to afford is a shelter, but what a shelter! Alas! they do not reflect, they do not perhaps know, how treacherous is its hospitality, nor how surely, though stealthily, it is engendering slow fever, rheumatism, paralysis, and death. If they *did* know, they could not avert these afflictions; they have no other resource. As seen from the heights above, these hamlets present a grotesque and fantastic appearance; we might fancy them ant-hills, in movement, or subterranean excavations teeming with a population of elves, for these chasms convey the idea of having been invaded by a foreign tribe, among whom the simplest elements of architecture have not yet penetrated. The huts, with their tarred roofs, give one the idea of tombs; the sight is touching, and awakens all the sorrows of the heart, for we cannot forget that the beings they harbour are, like ourselves, heirs of God, and born to immortality. As we looked upon the comfortless abodes, the sad little gardens and drooping plants that surround these living graves, and watched the bent and listless figures of the inhabitants, dragging after them their tattered children, we had almost likened the spot to a cemetery—not to one of those calm and hopeful village churchyards, planted with crosses, enclosed within neat borders of bright and graceful flowers, but that most mournful of all sights, the forsaken and neglected burying-ground of criminals."

We have remarked that good anecdotes and stories abound in these volumes. It is impossible to become familiar with the lively, picturesque, and sentimental under-classes of Paris, without picking up strange histories and rich bits of humour. A story of the Octroi:—

"It is not very long since, a clever attempt was detected by the vigilance of the officers of the octroi. A respectable-looking carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, used to go out at the Barrière de Fontainebleau every afternoon, containing one or two persons, and with a livery servant standing behind; after a drive of a couple of hours, the vehicle would return, about dusk, apparently *in statu quo*. The door was opened as usual, the question was asked in due form, and the party pursued their way unmolested. This went on for some time; at length, the perfect immobility of the footman, one day, struck the searcher; he resolved to observe more closely, and the next day accordingly, after he had shut the carriage-door, he called out to the coachman, whose wont it was to whip up his horses, and drive off at a rapid pace:—'Halte là, cocher;' then, turning to the servant, he addressed him with:—'Et vous, mon brave, n'auriez vous, par hasard, rien à déclarer!' No answer was returned, and not a whisker moved, when the officer thought it time to come to a closer personal acquaintance with this supercilious and dignified official. His astonishment may be conceived when the supposed valet was dismounted, and proved to be a tin case, painted and dressed, and containing several dozen bottles of choice wine!! But, more curious stratagems than these have been attempted, and have succeeded too."

Chiffonniers have been described by every writer who has studied Paris. They are the wild men of the city; as independent with their baskets of soiled rags and paper upon their shoulders as though the rags and paper were bank notes. The author has given us a good picture (with some fresh touches in it) of these wild men's homes. But we must be content with the specimens already offered.

The 'Realities of Paris Life' is a good addition to the Paris books with which English library shelves are stocked,—important as affording true and sober pictures of the Paris poor.

A Little Tour in Ireland. Being a Visit to Dublin, Galway, Connemara, Athlone, Limerick, Killybeg, Glengarriff, Cork, &c. By an Oxonian. With Illustrations by John Leech. (Bradbury & Evans.)

HERE is a title attractive enough. Sassenaghs as we are, we have a love for the "Emerald Isle," re-united as it is to us now by the bond of the submarine telegraph, and connected by the sympathy of the income-tax. Have we not worn the ancient shamrock, not knowing that it was simply the wood-sorrel? and vociferated Erin-go-bragh, not knowing that it really meant Erin-go-bread-and-cheese, Erin-go-get-inexpressibles?—have we not occasionally evinced an Hibernian tendency, as our writers do, Mr. Thackeray even, who includes among "English humourists" three Irish ones? The liveliest of our friends have been invariably Irishmen out of their own country, and the most hospitable, always Irishmen, whenever we have had the good fortune of meeting them in Ireland. If ever we have a deep regret, it is, that no benevolent acquaintance of ours has yet left us an encumbered Irish estate, upon which we might fish, shoot, neglect our rents, dream dreams, and not be shot at.

Fortune not permitting such happiness, we have nothing left for it but to take a thorough ticket, and make "a little tour." A few puffs of the engine, and we run under the old red-sandstone walls of Chester; a few more, and we shoot under the tubular bridge and emerge under the limestone cliffs of Holyhead. Three or four hours of glad sea, and we catch the blink of "Ireland's eye" and the Hill of Howth sparkling towards the sun, and enter the semicircle of the Wicklow Hills. Dublin is glorious with September,—"the light of other days" gliding round the columns of the old Parlia-

ment House, and seeming to hang wreaths to the memory of Burke and Grattan. "Why do the porters of Trinity College wear hunting-caps?" is a question that naturally perplexes the traveller,—or why do the clubs of the South Sea Islanders decorate the walls of the College Museum? Are they supposed to be the archetypes of the shillelah? When we have examined the harp of Brian Boroinne and the organ-fittings that were made out of the remains of the Armada—have peeped into the Chapel, "more suggestive of sleep than supplication, gloomy without being solemn, and the light dim without being religious"—we may be impressed with the library, and the pictures in the hall, that have long looked down upon dinners and examinations. Our Oxonian, who adopts the style of a "fast man," looks at Ireland, endeavouring to do her justice, but the ground and the air are not favourable to him—he reflects too long over his jokes—and, strangely enough for a fast man, puts too much study into his sentiments. Mr. John Leech seems equally far from home. There is a certain good-humoured, well-fed ease in the attitude of the knock-kneed pig with his pipe, leaning against the lintel, as an Irishman loves to do, and a pleasant evening sentiment in the party coming down the winding road from the fair; but "The Belle of the Shannon," and the ladies at the Blarney stone, might be pictorial representations of those women that have no character at all. The wild, laughing Irish girls seem to have evaded the approach of the Oxonian. The skirt of his dressing-gown alarmed a Connemara housemaid to such an extent that she rushed off like Dorothea from Cardenio and his companions. "Wherever we went," says our fast man, "comparative quietude and silence prevailed, as though we were wandering through the grounds of some country place, 'the family' being abroad, and most of the servants gone out to tea. Ah! when will the family come back to live at home, to take delight in this beautiful but neglected garden, weed the walks, turn out the pig, and look after these indolent and quarrelsome servants?—indolent and quarrelsome only because there are none to encourage industry and peace." At Kilmore the Oxonian and his friend make a night of it in the inn with a landscape painter, who confessed "he could do nothing with Connemara." The morning after thus breaks:—

"When we awoke the next morning (Sunday), 'the richest cloudland in Europe,' as Kohl terms Ireland, was investing such abundance of its surplus capital in the lakes and mountains of Connemara, that it was impossible to leave our inn; and as difference of creed unhappily prevented a common service, every man became his own priest, and every bed-room an oratory. My friend, the Irish graduate, played some most solemn and impressive music, including the 'Cujus animam,' from the *Stabat Mater*, upon a concertina, which now breathed forth notes sweet and clear, like a flute, and anon was grand and organ-like. At a later period, a perfume, which, at first, I supposed to be incense, issued from his dormitory; but it ultimately resolved itself into Latakia. At last the clouds began to break, and the grand old mountains to emerge from the mist, like the scenery in a dissolving view; the sunlight seemed to reach one's heart; and we sallied forth for a walk, the Irishman, Frank, and I, as happy as bees on the first warm day of spring, or as the gallant *Kane*, when, after a long Arctic winter, he saw the sun shine once more, and felt 'as though he were bathing in perfumed waters.' The conversation, as we strolled towards Letter-Frack, was theological and brisk. Paddy said that 'our Church resembled a branch broken from the Vine, withering and moribund from inanition'; and we affirmed that 'his Church was like a tree unpruned, all leaves,

and no fruit.' Then he pretended to have heard that Mr. Spurgeon had refused the See of Canterbury, and that Lord Shaftesbury was bringing in a Bill to abolish the Apostles' Creed. 'You miscellaneous Christians,' he said, 'will shortly have nothing to believe in common unless it be—*Dr. Cumming!*'—'And you, magnificent Christians,' I rejoined, 'who, by the way, have had your rival Popes, and still have divisions among you, you have already got more to believe than Scripture, tradition, or common sense acknowledge. As to our being "miscellaneous," we churchmen have no communion with the sects, though you delight to identify us with them, and though some disloyal teachers among us may "apply the call of dissent to their own lost sheep, and tinkle back their old women by sounding the brass of the Methodists," our Church, unswerving, still maintains the old, Catholic faith, and earnestly entreats deliverance from all false doctrine, herey, and schism.' And so we went on, strophe and antistrophe, with an occasional epode from Frank (who kindly applauded both parties, encouraging us, more liberally than respectfully, with '*Bravo Babylon!*' '*Now Heretic!*' and the like), and only arrived at unanimity when it was proposed that we should return and dine. Our host, Mr. Duncan, told us this evening, with other very interesting detail, concerning the Famine of 1847, how that, at a public meeting in the neighbourhood, he had said, somewhat incautiously, that rather than the people should starve, they might take his sheep from the hills; and how that, when want and hunger increased, they kept in remembrance his generous words, and, taking advantage, like Macbeth, of 'the unguarded Duncan,' turned ninety of his sheep into mutton."

The party coming from the Pattern, or fair, along the gloomy pathway by the Killeries, is artistic:—

"The dreariness of the scene was soon delightfully relieved by numbers of the peasantry, on their way to the Fair, or Pattern as it is called, being held on the festival of some *Patron Saint*, at *Leenane*; and the striking colours of their picturesque costume, red, white, and blue, came out most effectively against the sombre darkness of the background. Boats, too, were crossing the water; and a soldier in uniform, coming over in one of them, glowed on the gloomy lake, like a bed of scarlet geraniums in the middle of a fallow field. Some were on foot; but more on horseback, almost every steed carrying double,—husbands and wives, mothers and sons, brothers and sisters, and, for aught I know, 'one lovely arm was stretched for,'—nothing in particular, 'and one was round her lover.' The bare feet hung gracefully down, and the eyelids, as we passed, hung gracefully down also, and hid those bright Irish eyes. Well, 'there is a shame, which is glory and grace,' the most beautiful ornament that woman wears, and nowhere worn with a more becoming, but unaffected, dignity, than here by the maidens of Connemara. Saddles did not seem to be known, and the bridles, chiefly, were of rope or twisted hay. As to the Fair itself, I imagine that the meeting partook more of a social than of a commercial character, a few sheep being the principal live-stock which we saw exposed for sale. Several stalls exhibited, for the refreshment of visitors, large cakes or bannocks, with currants at an incredible distance from each other (the white bread, *per se*, being, doubtless, a sufficient novelty and treat to many), and any amount of apples. Indeed, Paddy seems almost as fond of *pommes d'arbre* as he is of *pommes de terre*; and in stations, steamers, and streets, they have all but a monopoly of the market. The landlord of the neat-looking inn at *Leenane*, a fine, tall, manly fellow, reminding us that we had now entered into the country of 'big Joyce,' came forth and welcomed us cheerily, as we stopped to change our horse, and almost induced us to stay and see the fun of the fair, together with 'the hundred and fifty couple, which would stand up in the afternoon for a jig.' But we had no time to lose, having to meet the *Cliften Car*, at the *Cross Roads*, en route to *Galway*; and as we saw, shortly afterwards, two waggons loaded with constables, who were going to preserve order, we did not regret our departure, nor

fail to congratulate each other on the unbroken soundness of our Saxon skulls. We took with us a new driver from *Leenane*, who seemed somewhat depressed at leaving the Fair, and was the least sociable Irishman I ever met. But one does not desire conversation amid this impressive scenery; and as the only information which he volunteered was this, that '*Hen's Castle*,' near the *Maum Hotel*, was built in one night by a cock and hen grouse,—a statement which he appeared to believe implicitly,—I do not suppose that we lost much from his taciturnity. The misfortune was, that, though his tongue was tied, his hat was not,—an eccentric, light-hearted, 'wide-awake,' which would keep skimming past us, and hurrying back to *Leenane*, always starting off with a fresh impetus, as the owner stooped to secure it. As time was precious, Frank offered to fasten the article to his head with a large, gold breast-pin, by way of nail, and a heavy stone, which he picked up by the wayside (during a little walk of some two miles up hill), as hammer; but he was repulsed with considerable asperity. At last, to our great delectation, the offensive head-gear was drawn out of a boggy pool, in such a limp and unpleasant condition, that the proprietor, after a brief survey, indignantly sat upon it during the remainder of our journey, vesting his cranium in a pocket-handkerchief, which was, indeed, a sight to see. With a large bunch of heather, which, I regret to confess, we could not refrain from inserting in the collar of his coat, and

Dulce est tomfoolere in loco, he presented an appearance 'well worthy of hob-servant' (as they say at the wax-work), and which would have raised an immediate mob in any street of London."

And here are a stave or two of the '*Belle of the Shannon*':—

Her very bonnet
Deserves a sonnet,
And I'd write one on it,
If I'd the time.
But something fairer,
And dear, and rarer,
In coorse, the wearer,
Shall have my rhyme.
With eyes like maytears,
And perfect phaytures,
Which aly bate yours,
Great Vanus, fair!
I'll ne'er forget her,
As first I met her,
On (what place better?)
The cabin stair!

Her darlint face is
Beyond all praises,
And thin for graces,
There's not her like.
All other lasses
She just surpasses,
As wine molasses,
Or salmon pike!

Her hair's the brightest,
Her hand the whitest,
Her step the lightest,—
Ah me, those fate!
You need not tell a-
bout Cinderella,
For hers excel a-
ny boots you'll mate!

With look the purest,
That ever tourist,
From eyes azurest,
Saw anywhere,
I met her blushing,
As I went rushing,
For bitter bread, down
The cabin stair.

Then she sat and smiled, where,
On luggage piled there,
She me beguiled,—ne'er
A smile like that!
And I began to
Compose a canto
On Frank's portmanteau,
Whereon she sat.

With a view of the Blarney stone this
'Little Tour' ends.

Through Norway with a Knapsack. By W.
Mattieu Williams. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The gloom which winter cast
How soon the heart forgets,
When summer brings at last
Her sun which never sets.

This is the Laplander's song as he drives his

reindeer to their midnight pastures, and a softened sunlight beams over the brilliant vegetation of a Scandinavian summer. There is a charm, yet unfelt by those who have never travelled far northwards, in cool light filling the air during the silent hours of night; and our traveller, downright as he is, feels it deeply, and describes it well:—

"We all dream of the bright sky of the sunny South, of its clear blue zenith and golden-hazed horizon; but when we live beneath it for awhile, and gaze upon it daily, its fiery, dazzling beauty overstrains the senses, and the eye soon tires of its glare; but in this modest twilight of the North, the gentle 'gloamin,' there's a tempered fascination that never wearies us—it grows continually in loveliness, even unto midnight and its next day's re-awakening. It bears the same relation to the southern sunlight that affection does to passion. There is no reaction, no craving for the shade."

Of all countries for summer rambles, Norway, to our mind, is the most charming,—and we have explored it well. Besides the endless daylight, there are cool refreshing waters for highway travellers when roads become dusty and glaring,—forests whose shade would cool the sirocco as it rushed through them,—and solitude which lets the voice of Nature's beauties speak for themselves:—in fact, it is our 'Arcadia.' At midsummer the rural simplicity is refreshing, though even that is rapidly leaving the high road, and the next traveller will have to thread many a bridle-path before he can say like this one,—

"At every place where I had slept since leaving Christiania a small table stood by the bedside, and early in the morning a young woman entered without any of the preliminaries of knocking, and placed upon the table a bowl or cup of strong coffee, and a bowl of cream."

—Or be like a friend of ours (a gentleman of the old school) terribly frightened and nervous at one of the daughters of the clergyman, his host, attending to unrobe him on his retiring at night.

Mr. Williams will be an excellent guide to all who wish to travel in Norway as he did,—on foot, and with the least possible expense. They may also place thorough reliance on all he says, his good sense never allowing enthusiasm to dazzle him and delude his followers, who may perhaps not be enthusiastic either. His knapsack was a complete novelty, invented by himself; and is minutely described in two pages, together with the satisfactory manner in which he became his own laundress. His tour comprises nearly the whole country. Though we prefer loitering a little more, and striking up a friendly feeling with the peasantry, perhaps young men who go to let the steam off cannot do better than follow him and take his advice. Mr. Williams makes a shrewd guess at the character of the people when he says:—

"They are not uncivil—no, nor inattentive; they appear to have a theory that people with arms and legs can help themselves, and they allow them to do so."

—And of the general style of the country when it struck him:—

"In the most wild and primitive parts of Norway, they now represent, in everything but costume and the presence of guns, and a few other modern inventions, very nearly the state of Old England in the days of Alfred."

—And he also wisely adds:—

"A practical knowledge of the physical and social condition of Norway at the present time must be of great value to the student of English history and the progress of English civilization."

Being his first visit, Mr. Williams went through some unnecessary hardships. The Norwegian tourist ought never to omit laying in a little stock of provisions at each good

"station" or post-house he passes, and not be reduced to the article thus exactly described:—

"This fladbröd is a remarkable substance, composed of bruised oats cemented together by some means, and flattened out wonderfully. It differs considerably from Scotch oatcake, being very much thinner, darker coloured, and more chippy; and is more like the material of which hat-boxes are made than anything else I am acquainted with: if you strip the paper off a hat-box you will find that it is not made of card-board, as it appears to be, but of a thin veneer of wood: eat a small quantity of this veneer, and you will be able to form a very fair idea of the flavour of fladbröd; only the fladbröd is rather more crisp and a little less resinous. It is made into circular discs, from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter; and a hungry man, who is fond of it, can consume several square yards at a meal."

A great merit of the book is the absence of legends, which all travellers think they must put in, well or ill told, in the midst of the most matter-of-fact details,—here there is but one, that bears upon the locality every traveller must pass in his voyage northwards,—and is, we firmly believe (after three months' romantic rambling), perfectly true:—

"One of the younger brothers or cousins of the devil, a 'Jutul,' residing in this neighbourhood, went, as he was wont to go, on a visit to his Seven Sisters. There he met a female cousin, many degrees removed, who was likewise a visitor, her residence when at home being on an island some distance further south. As is usual on such occasions, the two young people fell desperately in love with each other; and, as is also usual, they vowed eternal fidelity. Business of importance called the giant home, and his fair cousin also had to return to attend on a sick brother; so, with tears, and vows, and protestations, they mutually tore themselves asunder, and the Seven Sisters found the Jutul swooning on the shore from which her lover had departed. She went home to her sick brother, put his feet in hot water, applied a mustard poultice to his chest, and by the aid of these and a little aperient medicine he soon recovered. During his illness his sister made him her confidant, and he agreed that she should marry the Jutul of her choice; but on his recovery his perverse nature returned, and he determined that his sister should wed a dissolute companion of his, whom she had always objected to on account of his smelling so strongly of tobacco-smoke. Every Jutul family has some special power or malignant charm by which to battle with its enemies; the specialty of this family was petrification. The cruel brother exercised that power on the messengers from his sister's lover, and turned them all into rocks. Now the lover was not aware of the brother's existence, for the fair giantess had very improperly concealed the fact, on account of his extravagant habits having imperilled her dowry. Believing thus that his plighted one was the last of her race, and who alone possessed the power of petrification, he of course concluded that she had put the stony insult on him; so mounting his steed, and shouldering his crossbow, he shot a heavy bolt at the dwelling of the Jutules: his specialty being the power of unerring aim. Her brother was bathing at the time, and it being a very wet morning he wore his sou'-wester. The bolt sped through seventy miles of air, passed through the hat of the treacherous Jutul, and carried away a portion of his skull; but then, impeded by this resistance, failed to make the *ricochet* the archer had relied upon, and simply skimmed the water and fell at the fair one's feet. She knew the bolt, and that none but he could have shot it. She saw her brother (who with all his faults she dearly loved) sinking beneath the wave never to rise again, and all that remained of him for her loving eyes to gaze upon was his perforated sou'-wester floating on the waters. She thought of the perfidy of the lover she had believed so true, and her heart was broken; but as she died she exercised her power of petrification; and herself, the floating perforated sou'-wester, her lover, and the horse he rode, were all converted to fast-rooted rocks. The Seven Sisters who witnessed

the consummation of this doleful tragedy were petrified with horror."

Thus closes our reading and notes on a useful and trustworthy book.

The Friends, Foes, and Adventures of Lady Morgan. By William John Fitzpatrick. (Dublin, Kelly; London, Simpkin & Co.)

A good and honest paper on Lady Morgan has been reproduced in this volume from one of the Irish reviews. The writer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Kilmacud Manor, Dublin, has bestowed his heart, not less than his industry, upon his task. It is not our custom to review reprints, lest we venture on a twice-told tale; yet a volume so full of good things and informed with such a genuine love, tempts us to make the very occasional exception which confirms our rule, and indulge the reader with a column or so of sample of the work. We do this violence to custom the more readily as we foresee a demand for the book at the libraries, with the speedy issue of a new edition, and while there is time for consideration and research, as we wish to solicit Mr. Fitzpatrick's re-examination of one or two points in his pleasant narrative.

First of all we note what Mr. Fitzpatrick has gleaned about Lady Morgan's father, Robert M'Owen:—

"Robert M'Owen was completely stage-struck—a passion which it may well be supposed an imprudent connexion which he formed, with a buxom actress of celebrity, by no means diminished. On the strength of an acquaintance and Connaught relationship with Oliver Goldsmith, M'Owen applied to that great man to use his influence in promoting the objects which he had in view. Goldsmith entered *con amore* into the matter; he not only cordially promised to assist M'Owen in his project, but personally introduced him to David Garrick."

Who was the actress of celebrity? Now, as to the marriage with Lady Morgan's mother, Olivia Hill:—

"Mr. Owenson from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden," proceeded to go the round of the provincial houses, starting it at some, and accepting very subordinate parts at others—until having made some noise at the Shrewsbury Theatre he took advantage of his temporary celebrity to make a proposal of marriage to Miss Hill, an English lady, and the lioness of the Shrewsbury company. The offer was accepted, a romantic flight ensued—why, we have not been able to ascertain—and the nuptials of the happy pair were speedily celebrated."

Is it true that Miss Olivia Hill was "of the Shrewsbury company"? We fancy this must be a mistake. The Hills, we think, were very staid and most respectable Shrewsbury folks—not connected with the stage. Probably he will find the reason of "the romantic flight" in the strong aversion of Olivia Hill's family to the actor and his profession. "Strolling player" is a name of stinging reproach even now among religious people.

Of Lady Morgan's birth:—

"The first fruit of this alliance was the subject of these pages. Her birth occurred, on shipboard, at sea, in 1778."

This date is not very precise. No subtlety of inquiry could entrap Lady Morgan into admission about her age. Of her skill in baffling even the most curiously and courteously veiled questions on this subject, Mr. Fitzpatrick gives an instance. Finding in a newspaper, of date 1807, a letter bearing her signature, he sent her the copy—the receipt of which she thus acknowledged:—

"Lady Morgan presents Mr. Fitzpatrick her compliments, and best thanks, for the enclosure of her early—(very early!) scrap of authorship, written when she but 'lied in numbers.' She has no

recollection of the letter he has sent her, but she remembers writing something of the same kind on behalf of the little sweeps of Dublin, in her thirteenth year, which obtained notice from her friend the Freeman. * * The specimen of her autograph, which Mr. F. desires is INCLUDED in this illegible note, written with half-closed eyes!

"55, N. William-st., Albert Gate, Hyde Park, November 3rd, 1855."

If Mr. Fitzpatrick's dates are true, the Wild Irish Girl must have been twenty-nine, instead of thirteen at the time she wrote her happy verses—given in an appendix—on the sweeps of Dublin.

Of her godfather:—

"Owenson was proud of his baby and resolved to celebrate its christening with becoming festivity. Ned Lysaght, the once famous extempore Irish poet, was invited to attend in the onerous capacity of sponsor, or God-papa; and Ned, with characteristic good nature, at once accepted the responsibility. He and Owenson, as two very eminent boon companions, wits, poets, and singers of convivial songs, it may well be supposed that some rivalry existed between them; but it is pleasant to find that the old adage, 'two of a trade never agree,' was not, in this instance verified. Lysaght, for many years after continued to regard the tiny child with a fatherly feeling of affection and pride; and when, in 1809, death snatched him away, she felt with bitter sorrow, her doubly orphaned position."

Lysaght will be long remembered by his jovial song of Donnybrook Fair, "with a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green." He described the christening in merry memorial rhymes, addressed to Miss Owenson when the wee baby had grown up into a Muse:—

The muses met me once not very sober,
But full of frolic at your merry christening!
And now, this twenty-third day of October,
As they foretold, to your sweet lays I'm listening.
They called you "Infant Muse," and said your lyre
Should one day wake your nation's latent fire:
They ordered Genius garlands to entwine
For Sidney:—Me, I faith, they plied with wine.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who follows the career of Robert Owenson from playhouse to playhouse—through a rollicking, shifty, and adventurous life—cites a witness to prove that Miss Owenson played with her father on the regular boards:—

"For several years subsequently we find him performing alternately at Castlebar, Sligo, and Athlone, together with his diminutive, but singularly precocious daughter, who in 1788 was brought forward as 'An Infant Prodigy.' 'I well remember,' writes the late Dr. Joseph Burke of the Rifle Brigade in a letter before us, 'I well remember the pleasure with which I saw Owenson personate Major O'Flaherty in Cumberland's then highly popular Comedy of the 'West Indian,' and I also well remember that the long afterwards widely-famed Lady Morgan performed at the same time, with her father, either in the 'West Indian' or an afterpiece. This took place at Castlebar before the merry, convivial Lord Tyravley and the Officers of the North Mayo militia. Their reception was enthusiastic in the extreme."

Is this a mere inference about Sligo and Athlone? Miss Owenson may have performed in private theatricals at Castlebar, before the "convivial Lord Tyravley," without being a member of any dramatic company, and without playing on any public stage. A genuine biographical charm attaches to the inquiry, and Mr. Fitzpatrick should pursue it. Lady Morgan had a most happy genius for stage mimicry and characterization,—was most passionately attached to private theatricals,—and it would be curious to know whether she had ever displayed this genius on the real stage.

Of Sydney Owenson's marriage and how she came to be Lady Morgan:—

"The popular Duke of Richmond invited the authoress and Mr. Morgan, to one of the private balls at the Viceregal Court. His Excellency, in the course of a lounging conversation with Miss

Owenson, playfully alluded to the matrimonial report which had begun to be bruited about, and expressed a hope to have the pleasure, at no distant day, of congratulating her on her marriage. 'The rumour respecting Mr. Morgan's *dévoûment*,' she replied, 'may or may not be true, but this I can at least with all candour and sincerity assure your grace, that I shall remain to the last day of my life in single blessedness, unless some more tempting inducement than the mere change from Miss Owenson to Mistress Morgan be offered me.' The hint was taken and Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, in virtue of the powers of his office, knighted Surgeon Morgan upon the spot."

This is a good story, but it has been told of so many persons that one almost doubts if it can be true. As Mr. Fitzpatrick shows, a very similar tale is told of Sydney's sister Olivia:—

"The old story has it that the sisters Owenson made a vow that they would never change their names unless for a title. Sydney, as we have seen, married Sir Charles Morgan, and when Mr. Clarke, the apothecary, proposed for her sister he is said to have been told, in reply, that without a title he had no chance. He accordingly waited upon Charles, Duke of Richmond, whose *bonhomie* was proverbial, and whose habit of bestowing knight-hoods Lever satirizes in 'Charles O'Malley,' where the good-natured Viceroy, in a maudlin mood, is represented knighting Corny Delany. 'Please your Excellency,' said Mr. Clarke (so the story goes), 'my situation is truly wretched and deplorable. I am passionately attached to Miss Owenson. She will not have me unless I am knighted—'

Off I begged, implored, besought her for a word—a glance of hope,

Hinting suicide as certain—pistol, river, razor, rope!"

The good-natured Viceroy, fearful at the thought of having the love-sick swain's blood upon his head, smote him with the flat of his sword, exclaiming—'Arise and be happy Sir Arthur Clarke!'"

To this there is the unromantic answer that Olivia Owenson married Arthur Clarke, three years before he gained his honours of knight-hood. Sir Arthur Clarke was a most amiable gentleman, and his famous sister-in-law was strongly attached to him up to the hour of his death. He died in October 1857. One of the Dublin papers said of him in a mood quite Irish and his own:—

"Poor Sir Arthur Clarke is dead. Small as he was—and a man of more Liliputian dimensions, with the exception of Tom Moore, never trod our *paré*—he will be greatly missed in Dublin, not only by his own personal friends, who esteemed him cordially; but by myriads of people who have long been familiar with his appearance in our streets. The late Judge Day was one of the oldest and steadiest of his friends. Sir Arthur and he were at one time almost inseparable, and it was a standing joke with the wags of Dublin, some thirty years ago, to liken the great colossal judge and his diminutive companion to the 21st of June, inasmuch as they jointly constituted the *longest Day* and the *shortest Knight*."

Mr. Fitzpatrick has gathered up some notes, more or less curious, about Lady Morgan's works. Thus, he tells us of 'Kate Kearney':—

"Some persons may require to be reminded that to Miss Owenson we are indebted for the charming Irish ballad of 'Kate Kearney.' It first appeared anonymously as 'The Beardless Boy,' and at once became popular. That Miss Owenson would have followed up the series there can be no doubt, had not Bunting, and Moore, and Sir John Stevenson, grasped with avidity at the happy idea of which she was the parent. There was a regular scramble for it. Bunting rushed vehemently forward, and did much, but his perseverance was not equal to his matchless musical taste; and we believe he never brought the project to a completion. Although Moore has almost always received the exclusive credit for the admirable idea of the 'Melodies,' he had too much honour to fail to recognize in his Preface to the first edition of that work, the labours of those who had trod the same path. We are told that 'the public are indebted to Mr. Bunting for a valuable collection of Irish music, and

that the patriotic genius of Miss Owenson has been employed on some of our finest airs."

Of 'The Wild Irish Girl':—

"The success of 'The Wild Irish Girl' was almost unprecedented. In less than two years it ran through seven editions, in Great Britain, and its permanence of popularity was attested a few years ago, by Mr. Colburn reprinting it among his 'Standard Novels and Romances.' We have been assured by the grandson of Lady Morgan's godfather, Mr. Lysaght, who had long watched her literary progress with an eye of parental interest and affection, that the only book which William Pitt read in the course of that period of prostration which preceded his death, was 'The Wild Irish Girl' of Sydney Owenson."

The most serious part of Mr. Fitzpatrick's labour is a reply to Croker's malignant article on 'France.' He answers Croker, not like Lady Morgan with airy banter and delightful mockery, but with solid fact.

We quote this sample:—

"Lady Morgan viewed many Catholic customs on the Continent with an eye of prejudice; and amongst the number certain processions in honour of the Blessed Virgin. It may be premised that in the revolutionary days of anarchy nearly every statue of the Holy Mother had been broken or defaced by sacrilegious hands, and Madonnas became very scarce in consequence. The reviewer disingenuously suppresses this fact, and garbles a passage of Lady Morgan's for the purpose of upbraiding her with licentious writing! After a damaging preface, the *Quarterly* quotes from our authoress: 'The priests to their horror could not find a single Virgin, and were at last obliged to send to a neighbouring village to request the loan of a Virgin. A Virgin was at last procured; a little indeed the worse for the wear; but this was not a moment for fastidiousness, and the Madonna was paraded through the streets.' The critic requests his readers (p. 281,) to consider what manner of woman she must be who displays such detestable grossness of which even a jest-book would be ashamed, and cautions every parent against allowing Lady Morgan's work into his family, or his drawing-room. By referring to the original passage, it will be perceived that the reviewer has carefully omitted the words 'to carry in procession.'"

Of Lady Morgan's table talk we have a choice example or two given:—

"If a friend complimented her on her looking so much better, she would reply, 'perhaps I am better rouged than usual.' A lady who was wont to indulge in insincere smiles of benignity, once said, 'Dear Lady Morgan, how lovely your hair is—how do you preserve its colour?'—'By dyeing it, my dear, I see you want the receipt.' Lady Morgan disliked to be cross-questioned about her writings, and recoiled from the topic as 'shoppy.' A certain pompous lady of the pen, who frequently questioned Lady Morgan as to what she was doing, and where she got her 'facts,' asked one evening, when Miladi was very brilliant and entertaining, her authority for some fact in 'Italy.' Twisting her large green fan, and flashing upon the querist the full blaze of her lustrous eyes, she replied, 'We all imagine our facts, you know—and then happily forget them; it is to be hoped our readers do the same.'"

Still better:—

"In a tête-à-tête conversation with Mrs. Hall, on the subject of some young ladies who had been suddenly bereft of fortune, Lady Morgan said with an emphatic wave of her dear old green fan, 'They do everything that is fashionable—*imperfectly*;' their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages, amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and had there been time they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They cannot earn their own salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give every girl, no matter her rank, a trade—a profession if the word pleases you better; cultivate what is necessary in the position she is born to; cultivate all things in moderation, but one thing to perfection, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel 'this will carry me

through life without dependence.' I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt.' After such a sound bit of teaching, she would, if a *super-fine* lady was announced, tack round to her small vanities, ply her fan after a new fashion, and exclaim with such droll pretty affectation, 'Why were not you here last night! I had two Dukes, the beautiful Mrs. P— (never mind, the scandal is nearly worn out) the young countess who is so like the Lady in *Comus*—the Indian Prince, who dresses the corner of a room so superbly, and is everything we could desire except *fragrant*. I am a liberal, but really since the Reform Bill, have ceased to count M.P.'s as gentlemen, still they are M.P.'s, I had seven—certainly of the best men—*en route* to the Division. I told you two dukes and one duchess; but the delight was a new and handsome American, a member of Congress—I dare say he exchanged his Bible for a Peagee, the moment he landed at Liverpool! You should have seen his ecstasy when presented to a duchess, and how he luxuriated beneath the shadow of the strawberry leaves.'"

Mr. Fitzpatrick has given us a work to which we may refer all those who may be in search of some trustworthy information about 'Lady Morgan; her Friends, Foes and Adventures.'

A History of the Ancient Chapel of Birch, in Manchester Parish, including a Sketch of the Township of Rusholme, for the Convenience of those Township the Chapel was originally erected: together with Notices of the more Ancient Local Families, and Particulars relating to the Descent of their Estates. By the Rev. John Booker. (Printed for the Chetham Society.)

A Catalogue of the Collection of Tracts for and against Popery (published in or about the Reign of James II.) in the Manchester Library, founded by Humphrey Chetham. Edited by T. Jones. (Printed for the Chetham Society.)

Or these two recent publications by the Chetham Society, the former is the more interesting, if not the more important. Its interest, however, is less connected with the Chapel and chapelry of Birch than with the notices of the ancient local families resident in the neighbourhood, some of whose sons were men of mark and influence in their respective days.

In the old chapel of Birch many of these, with their sisters, were baptized, assembled at mass or joined in prayer, listened to long sermons, stood in couples with their respective lovers to be wedded, and lay, as their turns came, mute and motionless, ere they were borne out again to the grave. But, like them, the old chapel that stood modestly in the marsh for something near three hundred years, has gone down to the dust, even as the Birches who founded it, and the Platts and the Worsleys, and the Edges and the Siddalls, and others whose names, wills, and genealogies are recorded in Mr. Booker's volume. The old chapel was a "chapel," subject to Manchester Collegiate Church,—a meek, humble edifice, into which fustian might not be afraid to enter, even though feathers and slashed velvets and all the flauntery of fashion were to be seen also therein. The new church, now better than a dozen years old, is a handsome building, but it has less of a home and country look; and we can fancy that at the very threshold honest fustian might pause in hesitation on intruding into a shrine that seemed only fashion's own.

But it is with the ancient chapel that we have to do,—or rather with those who grew up in its shade, and were warmed by the doctrines there preached, or by intensity of opposition directed against the instruction. In connexion with these persons, we occasionally come upon information that is incidental,—of small, perhaps, but yet of certain value. As, for example,

in the deed, dated 5 Henry VII., wherein mention is made of house property, situate in Manchester, in the Milne Gate between a tenement of Richard Platt's, of Birch, and the dwelling-house of John Bradford. To biographers this deed is valuable, as "defining the exact place of residence of the family of Bradford, and possibly the birthplace of the martyr himself."

Among the most important of the local families may be reckoned the Edges,—but the most important are the Worsleys. Tradition makes of these, children of the Normans, and of aristocratic crusaders. Solid truth shows us a tangible ancestor, in a thriving linen-draper, of parts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who invested in land, left his business to his son, and, at his death (preceded by that of his eldest son), good provision for his children, with the following arrangement for his loving wife, in addition to certain land and small fee-farm rents:—

"Item it is my will and mind that forasmuch as I might leave unto my wife a considerable joynture out of my lands at Platt for and during the time of her natural life, but am not willing soe much to prejudice my granchild Ralph Worsley, who is to succeed me, yet it is my will and mind that my said granchild Raph Worsley or whosomever may come to have that estate after me, shall and may allow and provide that my said wife may have sufficient meate and drinke fitting for her at Platt, and the chambers at Platt wherein my deceased sonne Mr. Charles Worsley and Martha Worsley were accustomed to lye, for and during the naturall life of my said wife, if my said wife do so long keep her self chaste and unmarried to any other man, and will be pleased therewith; but if that hereafter there should any difference or dislike grow betwixt my said wife and my said granchild Raph Worsley, it is then my will and mynd that my said granchild Raph Worsley shall pay unto my said wife the full and just sum of 4*l*. of lawfull money of England yearly during the naturall life of my said wife (if she live so long chaste and unmarried) in lewe of her diet and chambers at Platt as is aforesaid, and then my said wife to provide for her self as she seeth good."

There is a long list of the goods and chattels of this testator, among which books are not numerous. They only amount to "Tow great Bibles and an ould one," valued together at 18*s*.; and "one statute booke," at 4*s*.

Of this stock was that active Commonwealth officer, Major Charles Worsley, born in 1622. He is supposed to have had charge of the mace, after Cromwell ordered the removal of the bauble from the House; and was one of Oliver's major-generals, to whom was confided the oversight of the counties of Lancaster, Chester, and Stafford. A letter dated from Preston, Nov. 9, 1655, will show, in one of its passages, his zeal for the "cause":—

"As I informed you in my last, soe wee had our meeting yesterday att Preston, where wee had a considerable number of Commissioners. Wee have put ourselves into a method of proceedinge and have chosen a clerke, a messenger and a dore-keeper and brought our businesse to this issue as that wee have sent order for divers off our great malignants in this county to apeare and to bringe in an exact account of there estates both reall and personall. * * I find that Major Wildman hath a great estate in this county, bought and compounded for in his name. I beg a word of that from you by way of direction. If I here not from you I intend to sequester all that belongs to him. I am hopefull wee shall bring things to a good and blessed issue."

"Tax the delinquents!" was the cry of the Major-General, who worked with such small regard to his own want of health that he ultimately died at the age of thirty-five, and Cromwell buried his indefatigable officer in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, with the dirges of

bell, book, and candle, and a rattling peal of musketry beneath that solemn roof, by way of farewell.

As a contrast, it may be mentioned that Worsley's Cavalier brother-in-law, Ralph Kenyon, one of the mourners at the funeral, is said to have returned to the Abbey, and in very bad taste, made a still worse pun, by writing on the stone "Where never *Worse* lay!"

The Major-General had a brother Edward, the quiet, timid rector of Runton, in Norfolk, who hesitates to go thence and visit his old father, "by reason of y^e many, yea, y^e very many dangers many have of late met withall in there travayles; for of late severall have bene robbed and many murdered:"—and here is another peep into the parlours and letters of those times—the Norfolk Rector is still addressing his old father, Ralph:—

"Our charges and taxations of late have bene far greater then ever heretofore, w^{ch} makes our countie to grone exceedingly. Moneyes are very scarce, and comes but at an indifferent rate in respect of y^e two last years. Sir, I have of late (beeing necessitated) purchased a small library of bookes, so that I am affrayd I shall not bring you y^e 8*l* I owe you, when I come into Lanchashire. However, if you please to send me word before, that you cannot forbear me, I will provide it some way or other, as I do not question but I shall borrow either so much, or at least as much as I shall want of y^e summe. The two last moneth assessments cost me above 3*l*. * * Since I began to write this letter I am informed of one whom I have a long tyme (even ever since I had corne) delt wth all, he is broken and gone away; hee is in my debt above 5*l*, w^{ch} is a great hindrance unto me now in these hard tymes. 'Tis y^e first tyme that ever I lost by any whom I trusted."

Some notices of a half-brother of the gallant Charles and the reverend Edward, named like his father, Ralph, takes us to Pembroke Coll., Oxon. The old gentleman had been taxing the young student there with extravagance and exceeding his allowance; to which the Collegian replies (1650):—

"Ffather, I must confesse since you saw mee I have spent more then ether you thought I should or I had intentions to have spent. You write to mee that I have spent more by far then my brother Edward when hee had but bene the same time in y^e universitie; but that is no marvail if I have; hee was in health, I in sickness, yea so far underwent y^e pangs at sickness y^e I wished many a time y^e death would come, and many thought it was at y^e doore. This is y^e dearest yeare y^e ever you shall have, as many reasons I could give you for it, as keeping my chamber 32 daies and almost all y^e time keeping one by mee, being so y^e I could not move without helpe, and I believe when ever it may please y^e lord y^e I may obtaine y^e sight of you, y^e markes which I can show will almost strike you into an amasement y^e I was so soone sound of them."

The serious Puritan sire returns to the attack, but the young dog writes sermons for the "governor's" edification, pleads a "sore leg" as reason for a light purse, and, if he is to be believed, shows that he does not spend much upon liquor:—

"Would I could see you at Oxford y^e I might answer for all I have spent, and I believe it would be more for your contentment and mine also. I call God to witness and y^e men in y^e world to accuse mee, if they can, y^e I have not bene in an alehouse this quarter but with Mr. Deane and once with some others, where I spent ij*d*. * * My clothes grow extreame bare and my shirts."

The elder Ralph evidently wrote to the lad's tutor, Peter Jerzey, and good-natured Peter replies in the following sensible and characteristic letter:—

"Addressed: 'For his very much esteemed father Mr. Ralph Worsley at Platt Rushulme neere Manchester, these.'—Sir,—I have this day

received your letter, and at first did much wonder y^e your son should be so expensive here with us, seeing y^e he may live as cheape, yea I think verily cheaper then in any other house within this universitie. But he tels me y^e the curing of his sore legg hath cost him very much, and y^e the moneyes which he hath had so soone one after another was in part for to cure it and to pay for his expenses in the colledge, besides other things which schollars have need of. I assure you y^e he is very civill and diligent in his studies, and our master, as well as all the house, hath a very good opinion of him. It is true y^e he hath spent some weeks 7 or 8 shillings as many other, but he hath bene punished for it in exercises (though it be not extraordinary much in these scarce times). He promises now to be very frugall, and I assure you I have cause to beleve him, for I have not found him to my knowledge as yet in a lye. Were he given very much to spending I would writ unto you to send his money to me, as it is common in Oxford, but I have not found as yet necessary, though in this you may use your owne discretion. My only ayme is y^e he may carry himselfe so y^e (with Gods blessings upon his endeavours and myne) he may be an instrument of much glory unto His name, which is the desire of him who is Sir, your most humble servant,

"PETER JERZEY."

'Pemb. Coll. Oxon., 16 Maj, 1651."

It is satisfactory to learn that Peter's pupil was subsequently found worthy of being ordained in the then established Presbyterian form to a Cheshire curacy.

We conclude with a little picture of an incident which took place after the older "established" form was re-established,—and held in some contempt by old Puritan colonels at the head of their households:—

"At this time the nonconformists of the neighbourhood assembled at Birch Hall for the occasional celebration of divine service. Even this they were compelled to do by stealth, the Conventicle Act (as it was called) adjudging that 'every person above sixteen years of age present at any meeting under pretence of any exercise of religion in other manner than is the practice of the Church of England, where there are five persons more than the household, shall for the first offence be sent to gaol three months or pay 5*l*.; for the second offence double; and for the third transportation for seven years, or a fine of 100*l*.' On Sunday, November 18, 1666, Colonel Birch, in contravention of this law, permitted two wandering ministers from Germany to preach at Birch Hall. They were engaged from nine to three speaking very fluently, denouncing all manner of woe to England, in exhorting the people to fly and take refuge in Germany. They sang two German hymns with well-tuned voices, the purport of one of which, when sung at the house of an old commonwealth officer, beginning 'Hark, how the trumpet sounds!' might well excite some alarm in the minds of the neighbouring royalists. The magistrates took the opportunity of putting the Conventicle Act in force against Colonel Birch and several persons who were present at this meeting."

It will be seen that this volume is not without interest in its personal details. Of the Popery Tracts, it is only necessary to say, that the catalogue of them will be useful for purposes of reference,—and that therein is incorporated Peck's list of the tracts connected with that controversy, not only with his own references, but with large additions and bibliographical notes.

Photographs of an Eastern Tour; being Journal Letters of Last Year, written Home from Germany, Dalmatia, Corfu, Greece, Palestine, Desert of Shur, Egypt, the Mediterranean, &c. By E. (Shaw.)

THESE Photographs are of a very beaten track. They do not present much that is new, and they have not cost much pains to take. The highest rank to which they can aspire is that of

agreeable chit-chat, and we may mark them with this label at once. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who have travelled this route might take up the Photographs and find very much the same jottings as in their own journal, if they kept one. One is briefly reminded of the memorabilia of each town of importance on the road from Dover to Düsseldorf, and thence to Leipzig and Dresden, and thence through the Saxon Switzerland to Prague and Vienna. The route then leads over the Semmering Alps, and so to Trieste and Spalatro. Corfu next occupies three chapters, and Athens as many; and so we pass to Syria and Egypt, and return with the escaped from Lucknow to Southampton.

Beautiful Dresden is dismissed in half-a-dozen sentences, of which the Green Vaults occupy two, and the Picture Gallery one. Such sentences had need to be as expressive as Lord Burleigh's nod. Our author is not quite so brief with Königstein, which is the next point where he halts to describe. In telling the story of the drunken sweep who climbed the supposed inaccessible walls of this otherwise maiden fortress, he forgets to add that the bold climber is now a soldier of the Saxon King, and sentinels the walls he alone could surmount.

Sigma is quite devoid of any Gladstonian enthusiasm about the modern Greeks, although he affects a little, in order to throw a pebble at Mr. Gladstone himself. Thus, we read "What will the Ionians say to Mr. Gladstone's Homeric views, which remove the Scheria of Alcinous in the Odyssey to the east of Greece, to the extinction of all legendary, or rather poetic, interest here? In this I quite feel with the Ionians, and will not believe him." Our Chancellor of the Exchequer has written nothing that extinguishes the poetic interest in the Ionians half so much as two little anecdotes recorded by our author, both of which will be found in the following extract:—

"Rain at last. The sunlight through the showers this evening is beautiful. But painters ought never to try to paint such things. Such scenes are too evanescent for canvas. Letters again to-day, and a newspaper, the first that has reached me, and which gives me much local news. Our plans are now uncertain. After my —'s cold it might be imprudent to go in winter weather to Athens, so we may perhaps go direct to Alexandria, and thence to Palestine. I met a French gentleman to-day just come from Egypt. The Suez railway is still incomplete. There has been much rain in that country. My French acquaintance has been here often before. He was once at a great *fête* at the palace, in Sir Henry Ward's time, when there were many Greeks. He saw one putting a fowl into his pocket, and pointed him out to Lord K —, an aide-de-camp, who followed him with a sauce tureen, and emptied it after it, telling him he had forgotten the sauce. The wretched Greek fled dropping sauce through the corridors, and down the staircase! He tells me the Suez Canal is likely to be made. The traces of the ancient canal of Sesostris remain. There is a salt lake half way between Suez and the Mediterranean, which will form a depot for coals and vessels. He says many pyramids have been recently discovered in Egypt; and one theory is that they were built to shelter the cultivated land from the winds that carry down the sand from the Desert. The present Pasha of Egypt is said to be advised by a few worthless Europeans. The best Turk you can find has but the varnish of civilization, and is always Turk at heart. The empire does indeed seem to be, as he says, a *'cadavre.'* I dined to-day at the artillery mess, with D — E —; very agreeable gentleman-like men. The *'menu'* of their foreign cook was amusing, e.g. *mince pies* being designated '*mispoi.*' I went to the Palace for a short time in the evening, and again had some talk with old Count V —, who was very entertaining about Lord Byron, Lord Castlereagh, and other by-gone

notabilities. He seemed pleased to get some one to listen to his old recollections,—some of which were very interesting, as he was an *employé* at the Congress of Vienna. There are some pretty water-colour drawings of Mr. Lear, the artist, in the drawing-room. He is quite a pre-Raphaelite in his minute finish. I saw there a very pretty coffee-cup, and gold flaggee holder for it, set with diamonds, given by the Pasha to Lady Y —, when on a visit at Yannina. The programme for the investiture of St. Michael and St. George is just prepared. The municipality are struck out of it, because they were discontented with their place last time. Would you believe it, they have to write home to know what it is right to do in such a case! Such important trifles! Lord Seaton appears to have acted a strange part here. Upon the eve of his own departure he liberalized everything. He conceded trial by jury in all prosecutions of the press, thus nullifying the former power to control it. For no Ionian jury would condemn any excess. He thus left the seeds of the rebellion which his radical successor, Sir H. Ward, had to crush with a strong hand; and of the anti-English outbreak in the Assembly, which caused its prorogation for two years by the present Lord High Commissioner. From what I hear of the present state of things, there are many high in office to whom the same compliment might be paid that was offered by Sir Thomas Maitland, commonly known out here as 'King Tom,' to a knight whom he had to invest with the collar of St. Michael and St. George,—I suppose to mitigate his rebellious tendencies. He stooped down to his ear, as he placed the collar on his neck, and said 'You know it should be a halter.'

Instead of the Hoplite warrior who appears on the back of our author's volume, with the motto, "Nikephoros,—Excellent man, farewell!" there ought to have been a medallion of the modern Ionian courtier fleeing down the corridor of the palace, and dropping grease at every step. Indeed, Sigma is in general not very eulogistic. Thus, of the Greek women, he says, "there is not much beauty among them. They have plump, round, red faces like Mrs. —." He is but little more complimentary to his own countrymen. We must be excused if we doubt his story of the young officer at Ithaca, whose knowledge of Homer is thus described:—

"When I was here formerly, the great shop was Mrs. Suter's, who made a large fortune, married her daughters into Levantine Consular families, and retired from business. There used to be a story of a young officer at Ithaca, who did not know much of Homer, expressing surprise at some one saying what hot work it was for 'the suitors' to climb up to Ulysses' Castle, and asking whether they had come there lately? When he was answered, 'Oh, not old Mrs. Suter, only the rest of the family.'"

It is a comfort, however, to find worse things are said of the Americans. A gentleman of that nation speaks to our author of the "colossal statue of Rameeses the Great," and of how "piert" a sick person had become after going up the Nile. Another, in explaining how travelling disagreed with his wife, said she had been as "fleshy" as any lady, but had fallen away.

Were it worth the while, it might be possible to indicate a few blunders made by the author himself. We might ask him to spell *Hradshin* correctly; to reject the barbarous *Houbarra*, and not to bestow military titles on civilians, as in the case of Mr. Couper at Lucknow; but we do not expect absolute exactness in mere chit-chat,—and such we have described this book to be. As such the public may accept or reject it. In the former case, as the author will have gained the victory he writes for, we may say to the author "Nikephoros,—Excellent man, farewell!"

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Simplicity of the Creation; or, the Astronomical Monument of the Blessed Virgin. A New Theory of the Solar System, Thunder-storms, Water-spouts, Aurora Borealis, &c., and the Tides. Dedicated to her by William Adolph. (Dolman.)—The only female immediately preceding "*her*" is *Aurora* (Borealis) in the line above; and very much puzzled we were. But on scrutiny we found the words "*blessed Virgin*" in black letter, which does not manifest itself at the first glance, when clear Roman capital is near it. In the "*Dedication*," which is addressed to the reader, and not to the saint who is the object of it, Mr. Adolph gives an account of his wife's miraculous restoration to the power of walking, while making the prayers preparatory to the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception. In the Preface he narrates the encouragement he received from Miss Maria Mörl, the estatica described by Lord Shrewsbury, who was super-naturally given to know that the monument intended for the Virgin was to be written, not built of brick and stone. All this we state that our Roman friends may know that the work has claims on their attention over and above what may be due to its author's reasoning power: these, we are sure the well informed among them will agree with us, are not striking. The new system is certainly not simple, in the sense in which the author uses the word. He may understand it himself, but he fails to make us do it: and we are sure he does not understand the system which he assails. We quote an objection to the mode of rotation of the earth, premising that though we understand and relish the joke, we do not see how it applies:—"The earth, then, like a spinning top, in the most arbitrary manner, is made to dance forward, sideways, backward, sideways, and forward again in a circle round the sun, with its head, or north pole, always pointing to the same constellation, to the same part of the heavens, while it constantly rotates at angles, and at one time even in exactly the opposite direction, with the line of pro- or retro-gression, except in one instance, where rotation coincides with its path. The theory reminds me of the boy coming too late to school on a fine slippery winter morning. When asked the reason of his being behind time, he said, that when he made one step forward he slipped two backward; and on being required to explain how by that means he came to school at all, he replied that he began to go home. Thus the earth is made to rotate one way, and to progress the other in its stooping position." We always thought the Roman Church, by the closeness of its spiritual dominion, could and did prevent its sectaries from mixing up spiritual matters with the nonsense of the individual mind: we almost think we are deceived when we see such sentences as the above put forward in connexion with the Virgin Mary by the "Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company, limited." Mr. Adolph refers to the fact that the *Magnificent* resounds, "though not with our affection," in the cathedrals of the Anglican Church. Let him be aware that any sober-minded Protestant heretic would consider such treatment as his of the Virgin Mary irreverent, even in his own comparatively small view of her claims.

Life of Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta; with the Pedigree of the MacMahon Family. (Dublin, the 'Irishman' Office.)—Why, this Duke of Magenta is descended from Brian Boroihme, monarch of Ireland! This is the joy, the vengeance, the consolation, of embittered Irish hearts. "Irish national faith, trampled and spat upon at home, finds some consolation in the glory of these children of the Gael." Just so. MacMahon, O'Neill and O'Donnell form a triple constellation, and it gratifies the Irishman to think of the same! Marie-Edmond-Patrice-Maurice-MacMahon, great-grandson of Brian-Boru, sprang from a Jacobinical race; his fathers followed the Stuarts; they fought at the Boyne and La Hogue. "The Marshal has the purple blood of the Dukes of Caraman and the Princes of Chimay mingling in his veins with the prouder and more royal current of the O'Briens." From St.-Cyr he emerged to win the way of fame. "He unites the energy of Cambronne with the eloquence of Richelieu," and he is "fit chief to lead

the winged legions of the Gaul to victory and renown." Nobles and heralds, by your leave!

Maclure and Macdonald's Illustrated Guides. (Glasgow, Maclure & Macdonald.)—These Guides, richly illustrated, open wide and bright paths through Scotland. They are distributed into four sections, all picturing the wild and pleasant Highland route—from Glasgow to Oban, Fort William, Bonavie, Glencoe, Staffa, Iona, Glen Nevis, and Glenroy. A map, in addition to the illustrations, serves to kindle up the way. Mr. William Leddie, geologist and natural historian of the country, lectures by road and rail, by boat and carriage, on foot and on pony-back, mingling his science with genial gossip, and much refreshing encyclopedic matter about places and people by the way. The text is really creditable, and superior to that which is generally found in illustrated guides; but the illustrations themselves are admirable. The view of the Tronsgate, Glasgow, is excellent; so also is that of Staffa. Equally well finished are those of Ben Nevis and Urquhart Castle.

Guide to the Ruins of Uriconium, at Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury. By T. Wright. (Kent & Co.)—If the autumnal vagabond means to visit the unearthed Romanesques of Wroxeter, he would do well to consult Mr. Wright. This little guide is ample and fascinating. It tells all that need be told, and its illustrations help towards a thorough appreciation of the venerable things to be seen and admired "near Shrewsbury."

Trip to the Rhine and Paris. By T. H. Gemmell. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.)—An unaffected memorial of a slight Continental journey. Mr. Gemmell journeys in the spirit of Mungo Park or Marco Polo, each stage bringing him to a discovery; but, as he writes cheerfully, briskly, and with good sense, his small volume is readable and pleasant as a repertory of unsophisticated impressions.

The Story of Italy. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.' (Bentley.)—It is a pity that the Author of 'Mary Powell' takes to book-making and compilation. This volume is not worthy of her. It is sketchy, crude, and superficial. 'The Story of Italy' is not told, but only episodes of it in a detached, fragmentary, unimpressive way. If it be intended for the young, it is too cursory and allusive; if for the elder race of readers, its *ex-cathedra* spirit is almost an impertinence. The Author of 'Mary Powell' has at all times a command of vivacious and suggestive language, which she has employed in repeating the anecdotes of Italian history; but beyond this, the merits of the compilation are few.

Stocquer's Familiar History of British India. (Darton & Co.)—Avoiding, not injudiciously, the difficulties of his subject, Mr. Stocquer has compiled a rough narrative "for the use of colleges and schools," intended to supersede the History of India presented by the late Company for the candidates for their Services. He touches but briefly on the early invasions of the Mohammedans from the West, "for no profit is to be derived from the story of a tissue of barbarities"; and on the Hindî Mythology, "which is complicated and perplexing, and by no means instructive." This gliding style is adapted for a popular summary, but students must go further.

The Complete Private Account Book. (Waterlow & Sons.)—A blank book, ruled and headed on a convenient system for receipt and expenditure. The author says that a strict system of private accounts is now regarded as a moral duty. We doubt this: for "is" read "ought to be."

Does any fossil reader recollect Burney's 'Poem on Astronomy'—that poem in twelve books which he read aloud to Mrs. Crewe, the woman of fashion, and Wyndham, the orator (even beauties and politicians were patient in those days). Here is the *Progress of Astronomy: Verses*, by William Lee (Rivingtons)—a small pamphlet of twenty pages, in heroic metre, possibly as good as Burney's, and written, it may be surmised, by one quite as "well up" in his subject. Lives there any beauty or politician now who would sit to hear it rehearsed?—Here is another volume, of totally different quality, which we fancy, on totally different grounds, may arrive somewhat after its time—*Songs and Poems*, by the Rev. John

Skinner, author of 'Tullochgorum,' with a *Sketch of his Life*, by H. G. Reid (Peterhead, Taylor). With a great affection for good Scottish minstrelsy and—no offence to teetotallers—with no hatred for toddy, still less antipathy to a reel, when the same is well footed,—we have never yet been able to recognize 'Tullochgorum' as a great song; in spite of the knock-down assertion of Burns, that it is the "best Scotch song ever Scotland sang." It is jolly, ranting—in its time it was thought political and bitter—it has that screech of the dancers which so distinguishes a reel; but we fancy that Scotland has had many a more jolly, ranting, political, and better ditty than this, and certainly many a worthier son (*quasi*-poet) than the Rev. John Skinner.—He was a good parish priest of the old school, his biographer tells us,—a genial, jovial man, who, when he found the pulpit break down under him (to speak figuratively), did his best to better his fortunes by farming; and was unsuccessful. He had a great reputation among his own countrymen; he retains it still, we are assured, on no worse authority than that of Mr. Robert Chambers. But song is song, and verse verse, for all countries; and if we cannot, after going through his collected lyrics, appreciate Skinner so highly as his countrymen do, the fault may, perhaps, not altogether lie with us. A terrible satirist, M. Romata by name, has undertaken to "quail, crush, conclude, and quell" *The Scarlet Lady*, in a Satire (Partridge & Co.). Ten lines from the Dedication will exhibit the force and metal of our Pope-killer's sledge-hammer:—

Since scribbling doggerel has become a passion,
And high-flown dedications are the fashion,
I'll follow suit, and turn a dedicater,
My Patron only less than the Creator;
For, though untainted by dialysis,
I soar beyond the sphere of Royalty;
Crown'd heads may satisfy some humbler clod,
My Patron claims equality with God!!!
No Romanoff, nor Bourbon, nor Guelph,
Shall grace my strains—none but the Pope himself.
—The book is bound in red.

Picture of French Literature of the Seventeenth Century, before Corneille and Descartes—(Tableau, &c.) By Jacques Demogeot. (Paris, Hachette & Co.)—A Lecturer at the Sorbonne—such is M. Demogeot—would merit being "unfrocked," we conceive, if his discourses from the chair were not grave;—yet need gravity and dryness, even in a Sorbonne lecturer, be one? Our author, no doubt, had a ponderous and affected set of authors to marshal—old without being ancient, prolix without impressiveness, busy rather than really inventive—whose collective efforts, allowing for few and far-between exceptions, only faintly shadowed forth that outburst of vivacious and thoroughly characteristic spirit which was so soon to be felt from France as penetrating to every corner of Europe. Still, there was something to be made of Marguerite de France—something of Malherbe—something (and this without poaching on M. Cousin's manor) of the Author of 'Le Grand Cyrus,' and of "the venerable circle,"—to use *Harriet Byron's* adjective,—convoked at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. A sense of humour finds food for its play everywhere: a Goldsmith can make a natural history entertaining as a Persian tale. There is nothing magnetic in the writer of this book, though much that is meritorious: hence we conceive it may be referred to as an epitome fairly well executed, though not, as one of those pictures of a period which conjure up past figures and modes, and the "thoughts that create thoughts."

After this, let us mention another dry French book,—smaller in scale, more modern in subject,—*Thales Bernard and the German School*—(Thales, &c.) By Léon Rogier. (Paris, Vanier.)—M. Rogier announces himself as a Member of the *Society of Poetical Union*, and wishes to justify such election by publishing a series of "short studies on the principal writers who have made a part of the association." M. Rogier's "eulogy"—thus to translate the French *éloge*—is incurably adust. Were M. Thales Bernard—the Librarian of the Society—another Millevoye, another De Lamartine, or Delavigne, or De Musset, his beauties are here hidden under a bushel, through the tough thickness of which English eyes may fail to pierce.

We notice among recent reprints, by the Messrs. Routledge & Co., Lieut. Majendie's *Up among the Pandies, from Bentley's Miscellany*,—*The Shotgun and Sporting Rifle*, by "Stonehenge," from the *Field*,—and *Dottings of a Lounger*, by Frank Fowler, from the *Weekly Mail*,—and Mr. J. Lang's *Wanderings in India, from Household Words*,—from *Blackwood's Magazine*, Capt. Osborn's *Cruise in Japanese Waters* (Blackwood & Sons),—*The Burns Centenary Poems*, a collection of fifty of the best written on the occasion of the Centenary Celebration, edited by G. Anderson and J. Finlay (Glasgow, Murray & Son),—from the *Lancet*, Dr. Madge's *Anatomical Relations between the Mother and Fetus* (Renshaw),—from the *Photographic News*, *A Catechism of Photography, and how to Colour a Photograph* (Cassell),—Mr. E. M. Whitty's *Political Portraits, from the Leader* (Lea),—from the *Churchman's Magazine*, *The Lambs of Christ's Flock* (Wertheim),—and Dr. Williamson's *Gun-Shot Wounds, from the Dublin Journal of Medical Science* (Churchill).—Second editions comprise Mr. D. Page's *Advanced Text-Book of Geology* (Blackwood),—*Buchan*, by the Rev. J. B. Pratt (same publisher),—Dr. Lane's *Hydropathy; or, Hygienic Medicine* (Churchill),—*Evidences of Christianity*, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (Longman & Co.),—*The Rifle-Musket*, by Capt. Jervis (Chapman & Hall),—and *A Tamil Handbook*, by the Rev. G. U. Pope (Madras, Hunt),—*Saul: a Drama, in Three Parts* (Routledge & Co.).—The following have gone into third editions:—*Memoirs of Polehampton* (Bentley),—the Rev. C. W. Jones's *Secular Early Lesson-Book* (Longman & Co.),—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, by the Rev. E. B. Ramsay (Edmonston & Douglas),—and *Short Tales for Children, from the German of U. von Schmid*, translated by the Rev. F. B. Wells (Bosworth).—*The Practical Swiss Guide* (Longman & Co.),—*The Search for a Publisher* (Bennett),—and *The New Zealand Handbook* (Stanford) have entered their fourth editions;—whilst Dr. Chepman's *Domestic Homoeopathy* (Sanderson) has arrived at its eighth edition.—We need merely recapitulate the titles of *Meason's North-Western and Lancaster, Carlisle and Caledonian Railway Guides* (Smith),—*A Night in a Haunted House*, by the Author of 'Kazan' (Ward & Lock),—and *Contributions to American History* (Tribner).

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THE INVASION OF BRITAIN BY JULIUS CÆSAR.

Greenwich, September 2.

In the *Athenæum* for 1851, March 29, I first published the theory, to which I had been led by a careful examination of Caesar's Commentaries, that Caesar in his invasions of Britain set sail from the Somme and landed in Pevensey Bay. After further study of the original record, and personal examination of the localities, referring also to scientific observations which bear in a very important

degree upon the question, I presented my theory in an extended form to the Antiquarian Society, as one in which I have the most undoubting confidence. The paper is printed in the 'Archæologia,' Vol. XXXIV.

Some rival theories have appeared, which did not seem to demand remark from me. Lately, however, a small book has been published by Thomas Lewin, Esq., on the general subject of Julius Caesar's invasions of and operations in Britain; in which the author, after courteously acknowledging his obligations to me for some light cast on the subject, expresses his entire dissent from my conclusions, and brings forward his own, viz., that Caesar sailed from Boulogne and landed at Lympne, near Hythe: supporting his condemnation of my theory and his advocacy of his own by elaborate argument; and offering, as reparation to me, the opportunity of criticizing his reasonings. I am not unwilling to accept the challenge which the author has thrown to me; and, remembering the hospitality of the *Athenæum* in giving place for a record of my first speculations on the subject, I now ask that I may be permitted to insert in its columns what will probably be my last.

First, I think that I may congratulate that portion of the literary world who take interest in this particular question, that Mr. Lewin unreservedly accepts my demonstration of the impossibility of Caesar's having landed at Deal.

Secondly, I regret, and I am confident that Mr. Lewin will regret, that such an epithet as "unlucky" should have been applied to interpretations which were the result of careful thought. I shall seek other terms to convey my opinion of Mr. Lewin's arguments; and with this remark I willingly dismiss that subject.

I now proceed to details:—

(I.) Caesar, in speaking of his march to the coast, uses the expression "in Morinos proficiscitur"; and in my paper in the 'Archæologia' I have maintained (supporting my opinion by some citations) that the true meaning of "proficiscitur" is "sets out." Mr. Lewin dissents from that translation. A question of verbal criticism cannot be settled by a single clause; and I must occupy a little space in treating this.

I have examined a large proportion of all the instances in which Caesar uses the inflexions or derivatives of "proficiscor," and I find that their applications are the following:—[1.] In some they refer simply to the act of setting out. [2.] In some a purpose of setting out is mentioned. [3.] In some a direction is indicated, or a spot at which the journey is to end is named. [4.] But in all, without any exception, another sentence or another clause is required to denote arrival at the journey's end. I have since marked a few of these instances, without intentional omission of any, as far as I have gone, and I cite them here:—

[1.] Lib. I. (Of the Helvetii, who were not going to any definite place.) Omnibus rebus ad profectum comparatis.....Helvetios, &c. in fines suos, unde erant profecti, reverti jussit.....(Officers asking for furlough.) Alius alia causa illatâ, quam sibi ad proficiscendum necessariam esse duceret..... Lib. V. Ibi cognoscit XL naves tenere cursum non potuisse, atque eodem, unde erant profectæ, relatas.

[2.] Lib. I. (With the object of finding Ariovistus.) De quartâ vigiliâ castra moturum.....de quartâ vigiliâ, uti dixerat, profectus est..... Lib. III. Circiter 220 naves e portu profectæ nostris adversæ constiterunt.....(For an interview, which might be denied.) Neque longius abesse quin Sabinus ad Caesarem proficiscatur.

[3.] Caesar's departures from the army, without mention of his further transactions, as Lib. III. Quum in Italiam proficisceretur Caesar, Galbam in Nantuates misit.....Quum in Illyricum profectus esset, bellum ortum est.....Departures of other generals.....P. Crassum in Aquitaniam proficisci jubet. (The conclusion of this journey follows after several pages: P. Crassum quum in Aquitaniam pervenisset).....Crassus in fines Vocatum et Tarsatium profectus est. (He did not arrive, apparently, till he had fought a doubtful battle.)

[4.] Lib. IV. Maturius quam consueverat ad exercitum proficiscitur. Eo quum venisset, &c..... Lib. V. Ipse eodem, unde redierat, proficiscitur. Eo quum venisset, &c.

After these citations I have not the least fear of the dissent of any competent Latin scholar from my interpretation of "proficiscor," that it means "I set out," and nothing more. Etymologically, it appears to be an irregular compound of *pro* and *facio*, with the reflex sense, not unusual in deponent verbs, signifying, "I set myself forward."

(II.) Mr. Lewin attaches importance to the words "Dum in his locis Caesar moratur," as if the words "in his locis" meant that Caesar was certainly in the country of the Morini. To me they convey no such meaning. The expression appears to me to be studiously indefinite. I conceive that it is rendered in English with perfect precision, "While Caesar was in this part of the country."

(III.) Mr. Lewin is at variance with me on the interpretation of the celebrated passage (referring to the Portus Itius) "quo ex portu commodissimum in Britanniam transjunctum esse cognoverat circiter millium passuum xxx à continenti." (I purposely omit punctuation.) On this I say, and I have not the least doubt of receiving the support of any good Latinist who will repeatedly consider the sentence, first, that the "ex portu commodissimum transjunctum," and the "transjunctum circiter millium passuum xxx à continenti," must refer to two different things; and that, if Caesar had intended to refer doubly to the same thing, the words "à continenti" would not have been written. Secondly, that the form of the sentence is so bad, that I think it nearly certain that the sentence was originally terminated at "cognoverat," and that the rest was an interlineation. I have stated this before; but as Mr. Lewin has not alluded in detail to my reasons, I repeat them with the remark, that their force is undiminished.

(IV.) Mr. Lewin is anxious about the exact agreement of Caesar's measure of the nautical distance (an eye-estimation) with that which we have now obtained from geodetic measures. On that point he needs not to give himself the smallest trouble. Before the Triangulation of the year 1787, it was a fair and an insoluble question, whether the distance from the Continent to Britain was less than twenty or greater than forty miles. In the note to a Variorum edition of 1651 now before me, the distance from Boulogne to the nearest part of Britain is given as forty miles. Dion's measure (fifty miles) seems to me the most exact of those cited by Mr. Lewin, because I conceive it to be founded on some tradition of Caesar's actual sea-passage from St. Valéry to Pevensey.

(V.) Mr. Lewin objects to my suggested translation of "infra delatæ." I will beg him to remark, first, that I do not offer this translation with any strong confidence; and, secondly, that the fate of no hypothesis as to Caesar's voyage depends on it. It is not given to reconcile any theory with Caesar's words, but to reconcile Caesar with himself. It appears to me that the word "proficiscitur" permits that Caesar did not enter the country of the Morini: it appears to me that Caesar's reception of delegates from the Morini, when there is no account of any preceding transaction with them, renders it probable that he had not entered their country; and it appears to me that the order (after his second return) for legions to march from the Portus Itius "in Morinos" makes it certain that he was not in their country. With this, I have to reconcile the statement about the drifted ships; and the conjecture which I have offered is, I think, plausible. But if any reader thinks that the reasons for excluding the Portus Itius from the land of the Morini are not sufficiently cogent, the whole is easily reconciled with the hypothesis, that the Portus Itius was the mouth of the Somme, by supposing that in the time of Caesar the Morini stretched south-west of the Somme. In Caesar's time, the Morini were a powerful tribe; their contingent for the Belgian association (Lib. II.) was 25,000 men, while that of the Ambiani was only 10,000, and that of the Caletes 10,000. The geography which limits their territory to the north of the Somme is 120 years later. Any one who reflects on the change of boundary of Russia, of Prussia, of Turkey, and of other European States, within a period of much less than 120 years, will find no difficulty in admitting this change in the limits of the Morini.

(VI.) I now come to Mr. Lewin's hypothesis, that Boulogne was the Portus Itius. I pass over the citations from Florus (who wrote in the time of Trajan) and the railway company's estimate of distance (as being unimportant when Caesar's necessarily vague estimate is to be compared with it); and I come to the estimation of distances along-shore, which leave no room for great uncertainty. I premise the following pretty accurate measures:

The French *lieue de poste* 4,263 yards.
The nautical mile, or minute of latitude 2,025 yards.
The Roman mile, about 1,630 yards.

Mr. Lewin learned that the distance from Boulogne to Ambleteuse is 2½ leagues, which he concludes (I know not by what arithmetic) to be 8 Roman miles. By applying the numbers above, it will be found to be only 6½ Roman miles. But in reality this is not much to the purpose, for the estimate, which was given by a hotel-keeper, evidently relates to the distance by road. On measuring, upon the beautiful Admiralty Chart, the distance between the centre of the entrance to Boulogne and the centre of the entrance to Ambleteuse, I find it to be not quite 4½ nautical miles, or 5½ Roman miles; instead of the 8 miles given by Caesar.

I conclude that Boulogne and Ambleteuse will not be cited again in conjunction, as representing the Portus Itius and Portus Superior of Caesar.

The ports which I have assigned (the mouth of the Somme and the mouth of the Authie) correspond very well, as regards their geographical distance, with Caesar's estimate. Caesar gives no fractional parts, and the measure 8 Roman miles answers better than 9, and much better than 7, for the distance between the centres of the estuaries. I should fix it at 8½ miles.

(VII.) Mr. Lewin considers that Napoleon's selection of Boulogne, as a port of embarkation, is a strong argument for adopting it as Caesar's port. I consider that it is no argument whatever, for this reason; that the dominant motive, which determined Napoleon's selection of Boulogne, was wholly wanting in the instance of Caesar. With Napoleon, every thing depended on the quickness, and therefore on the shortness of the passage. "Give me six hours' command of the Channel, and England is mine," was the sentence of Napoleon. With Caesar, any moderate delay, that did not actually starve his soldiers and sailors in their ships, was unimportant.

But if Mr. Lewin really relies on the parallelism of instances, I can produce one which will not fail to direct his decision. What if I refer him to the history of a large armament; prepared in an age when weapons, ships, and navigation without the compass, were similar to those in Caesar's time; collected at the mouth of the Somme; detained for about three weeks by north-west winds (as was Caesar's); sailing, at length, about six hours earlier in the day than Caesar's (because the moon was a week younger, and the tides were six hours earlier); the captain of the armament reaching the English coast after a passage of ten or eleven hours, and waiting for the remainder of the fleet; and, finally, debarking, in the afternoon, on the beach of Pevensey? If Mr. Lewin is really true to his own principles, let him study the invasion of William the Norman; and he will find ample *a priori* reason for believing that Caesar took the same course.

(VIII.) "We should suppose," says Mr. Lewin, "that Caesar followed the usual track, and made for one of the ports which then, as now, were the most frequented, viz., Dover or Folkestone." This is not the manner of attempting debarkation on a country possessed by an enemy. Sir Ralph Abercrombie's troops did not attempt to force the harbour of Alexandria, but landed on the sands of Abukeer. Sir Arthur Wellesley made no attempt at Liabon, but put his troops on shore on the Mondego Beach. The French landing in Algeria was at a distance from Algiers. In the expedition to the Crimea, no attempt was made on Sebastopol, Balaklava, or Kamiesch, but the boats were brought all abreast to the long beach near Old Fort.

(IX.) In regard to Caesar's "montibus," as I have said elsewhere, our interpretation must be guided by consideration of the character of place under which an officer would think of attempting

to land. It must also depend upon the possibility of aiming a javelin from the heights. Both considerations exclude such lofty cliffs as those of Dover and Folkestone.

I am surprised at the citation of Cicero, and the illogical inference from it. *Because* an officer who joined his regiment B.C. 54 says "there are wondrous high cliffs on the coast of Britain," *therefore* (says Mr. Lewin), Caesar, in the year B.C. 55, attempted to land under those very cliffs. It is most probable that (assuming, as I do, that Caesar landed at Pevensey) the precipices which Q. Cicero had in his mind were the stupendous cliffs of Beachy Head, which are within two miles of the landing-place, but which had no influence on the circumstances of landing.

(X.) Caesar records that, on the return from the second expedition, "summam tranquillitatem consecutus," he approached the coast of Gaul ("attigit" in Caesar does not mean that he reached it) in about eight or nine hours; and Mr. Lewin, inferring from the expression describing the weather that the fleet was rowed all the way, considers that the distance of the Somme from Pevensey was too great to be passed over by rowing in eight or nine hours. The reply to this will require some consideration of the character of ancient navigation.

We are so much struck with the importance of the oars in ancient nautical battles, and in other critical circumstances, that we almost forget that, in general navigation, sails played a much more important part. Yet, if we look in the *Iliad* (which I cite without hesitation as accurately describing the realities of the age), we find that the galleys at that time were borne along by sails on the open sea; but that, on entering a port, the sails were furled, and then only were the oars used to bring the vessels to their moorings. In what may be called the *Trireme Period*, though oars were used exclusively in the shock of battle, yet the exploit by which Conon hoped to cripple the victorious Spartan fleet after the affair of *Aegospotami* was the carrying off their mainsails. For the Roman times, we find little information in Caesar (though in contrasting the ships of the Veneti with his own, he adverts to the difference of the materials of which the sails were constructed); and the notices in other authors are very much scattered. On the whole, I am inclined to refer to Virgil, in his account of the voyages of *Aeneas*, as giving a better account of navigation in Caesar's time than is to be found elsewhere. Several remarks in the *Aeneis* convince me that Virgil was a practical sailor. So far as his poetical bent would carry him, he would, I suppose, incline to the row-boat side.

To prevent misconception of some passages to which reference may be made, I will premise that *Aquilo* in Virgil does not mean north wind, but stormy wind; that *Auster* seems to mean a wind nearly east; that *Zephyrus* seems to mean a wind south of west, and *Vesper* a direction north of west (unless it depend on the season, which is not improbable).

Now, in examining the voyages of *Aeneas*, I find that in all, with the exception of one (from *Leucate* to *Buthrotum*), it is expressly mentioned that he used sails. In regard to the exceptional voyage: the *Notus* blew in the preceding voyage, and the *Notus* in the following voyage; and, as the three are sections of one line for which the *Notus* would be favourable, I conclude its omission in the middle section to be accidental. Oars are used for entering and leaving ports.

If we look at the details of navigation, we remark the following:—

III. 549. Having reached the Italian coast with a favourable wind, and suspecting hostility, the fleet claws off the coast, with the same wind, by a manœuvre thus described:—

Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.

This is an accurate description of sailing close-hauled, as it would be done at the present time.

III. 560. When in danger near *Charybdis*, the order is given "*pariterque insurgite remis.*" It might be imagined that the word "*pariter*" applies to the oars on both sides, but line 563 corrects this: "*Lævam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit.*" The starboard oars only are used, to

bring the vessels' heads round as quickly as possible.

V. 15. The wind is blowing heavily on shore. Then

*Colligere arma jubet, validisque incumbere remis,
Obliquaque sinus in ventum.*

This is an accurate description of hauling the sheets, and putting out oars on the lee side to keep the vessel's head to the wind, as is frequently done now. But shortly afterwards, it is determined to run for the shore, and then the order is given, line 28, "*Flecte viam velis.*" There is no need for oars on this course.

I am inclined to think that "*obniti*" means to beat by tacking, and "*tendere*" to lie-to, or perhaps to sail as close as possible to the wind without tacking.

From all this I have only to gather the very simple conclusion—that navigation in that age was precisely the same as navigation in this age; and that any limitation of method or distance, which applies in this age, applied also in that age.

And, as I question whether within the *Historic Period* a boat has ever been rowed across the English Channel, so I do not believe that Caesar's fleet was ever rowed across.

Mr. Lewin has been led to the supposition of rowing by interpreting "*summam tranquillitatem*" to mean "dead calm." But there are two elements to which "*tranquillitas*" can apply, the air and the sea,—and if we consider which of these elements alone, in a disturbed state, is more likely to be injurious, we shall soon arrive at a conclusion. If, as frequently happens after a heavy gale, there had been a high swell without a breath of wind, the over-loaded fleet would have been in great danger. On the other hand, if with smooth water there had been a brisk breeze, the steering would have been good, the course would have been held well, the voyage would have been easy,—and, the fresher the breeze blew, the better would everybody have been pleased. Now for this we have only to suppose a stiff north-west wind, capable of carrying the ships 7 or 8 miles an hour; for several miles after leaving Pevensey the water would be smooth as a mill-pond; after that, there would be a little sea, but with the easy motion of a vessel going nearly before the wind it would scarcely be felt; and the voyage would be most tranquil and pleasant. This, I believe, is exactly what happened.

I may cite the following passage from the *Aeneis*, in which I conceive the "*placata maria*" to represent exactly the "*summam tranquillitatem*," and in which the voyage is to be performed by sails:—

III. 60. *Inde, ubi prima fides pelago, placataque venti
Dant maria, et lenis crepitans vocat Auster in altum,
Deducunt scopi naves, &c.*

(XI.) Mr. Lewin raises the question, How it could happen that the Britons expected the landing at Pevensey. To this I reply, that Pevensey is known now, and probably was known for many generations before Caesar's time, as the weakest point in the whole circuit of Britain. In the great war of the beginning of this century there were erected for its defence thirty-six martello towers. (Upon the edge of Romney Marsh, to which Mr. Lewin calls particular attention, there are only sixteen.) Caesar, who never made a step in ignorance, steered, as I conceive, for Pevensey Beach, but was drifted (as in the following year) by the tide under the Hastings cliffs. The Britons had probably expected him at Pevensey; but, on seeing him approach towards Hastings or Bexhill, immediately moved in that direction.

(XII.) Mr. Lewin says, "Is it not also strange and unaccountable that Caesar should have landed in the heart of the dense forest of Anderida?" I reply by the question, "Is it not also strange and unaccountable that William of Normandy should have landed in the heart of the dense forest of Anderida?" I assign the same road to both. As far as we know, the character of the forest had not sensibly altered in the interval. In my paper, I have sufficiently recognized the woody character of the ground east of the Robertsbridge road, and Mr. Lewin, if he reads the account of the conflict of Battle, will find abundant mention of the woods. But this is different from forest, where there are no roads or habitations, and where wood grows

neglected upon soils so barren that they will rarely pay for the trouble of clearing. Such is the character of the elevated ground in which the *Rother*, the *Cuckmere*, and other small rivers, have their sources. At the present time, that region is called by the people of the country "*The Forest*," but I believe that the same term is never applied to the country east of the road.

(XIII.) Mr. Lewin thinks it a capital objection to the landing at Pevensey that the chieftains of Kent (instead of Sussex) were directed to attack the naval camp. The distance of that camp at Pevensey from the boundary of Kent is perhaps, in a straight line, 13 miles, no very great march for a patriot. The reason for calling on the men of Kent instead of those of Sussex is obvious: the greater part of Sussex was occupied by the Andred forest, and the population of Kent was probably many times as numerous as that of Sussex.

(XIV.) When Caesar was drifted eastwardly by the tidal current, he remarks that he found the coast of Britain on his left hand. And Mr. Lewin actually interprets this as if Caesar had kept his ships' heads strictly in the same azimuth, and that the "left hand" had relation to the larboard side of the ship, and therefore that he had passed the Straits of Dover. I cannot conceive that the expression refers to any direction but to that of the drift; it asserts that, in reference to the direction of tidal current, the coast was on the left hand. It is therefore indecisive as to the place.

(XV.) Mr. Lewin has fixed upon Chalklock Wood as the post defended by the Britons in their battle at the second invasion, and the Wye (here a very petty rivulet) as the river concerned in the defence. It is perfectly evident in Caesar's account that the river was the important part of the defence; and I have no hesitation in saying that the Wye here presents no aptitude for military defence, no singularity of any kind, which could give it the most trifling value in the struggle with Caesar. In this respect it differs very widely from the place which I have assigned (Robertsbridge), where a comparatively narrow ford crosses a river that spreads on both sides of the road into broad soft marshes (probably river in that age), and where the hill-banks of the marshes are generally steep. The existence of such a place, on the road which Caesar must have taken (as coming from Pevensey), and at the distance which Caesar has specified, presents one of the strongest evidences for deciding on locality that I have ever seen.

(XVI.) It is proper to guard the reader of Mr. Lewin's book against the supposition that the north-east direction given to the wind by Mr. Lewin on page 67 is specified by Caesar. It is Mr. Lewin's conjectural interpretation, though not so described.

I have now adverted, I believe, to every point of the least importance affecting the difference between Mr. Lewin's opinion and my own; and I give the following as my estimate, in a few words, of the result of the discussion. I believe that I have shown that the hypothesis of the Boulogne-Lympne passage is absolutely untenable, and that the evidence for the St.-Valéry-Pevensey passage is at least as strong as I formerly supposed.

G. B. AIRY.

Addendum.—In my former essays, I explained my opinion that "*continens*," as expressing the relation of the coast-line to the sea, signifies not "*hemming in*," but simply "*bounding*." The following lines of Horace support my interpretation:—

*"Marisque Balis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripa."*

The word "*obstrepentis*" evidently refers to the open coast, and not to a bay.

ADVERTISING LITERATURE.

THERE is a class of literature struggling hard to secure a place in the world of letters, the fate of which has hitherto been to die almost as soon as born. It has taken the form of poetry, and the form of prose. It has affected humour, and history, and narrative; and it has called in the pencil of the illustrator to its aid; but in spite of this it has found no resting-place, either upon drawing-room tables or on library-shelves. It has always

worn two faces under one hat, and with such shallow hypocrisy, that the duller reader refused to be deceived. Its Shakespeares and its Miltons have tuned their harps to sing the praise of cheap clothing, or of quack medicines, and have perished miserably in the attempt.

This class of literature, we need hardly say, is Advertising Literature. It has always fretted under the weakness which caused it to die so young, and without being beloved by the Gods. It has contaminated its fingers with trade bribes, and yet has not had nerve enough to face the inevitable punishment. It has been carried to the waste-paper buyers, as unwillingly as a child is taken to the dentist; and it has endeavoured to arrest the destructive hand of the rude bores who were blind to its literary merits, by the external charms of a costly and elaborate binding.

There was a time, not a quarter of a century back, when grammar and spelling were considered very unimportant in tradesmen's handbooks or handbills, and purity or elegance of type was a thing undreamed of. Now we may see every variety of ornamental printing, if we only examine the cards that are thrust into our hands or into our letter-boxes. We are told where to buy our soap and candles in the old red and black Anglo-Catholic type; while fancy ironmongers have rushed wildly into Gothic and cursive print; and railway bills have gone back to the numerals of the fifteenth century. Blank spaces are engaged and paid for in the advertising columns of accommodating journals; Greek names are given to waterproof goloshes and six-shilling shirts; and these names are printed upside down between the blank spaces, in order to attain more force in striking the eye of the reader. The day when Black-Letter type will be applied to advertisements of hats or umbrellas is evidently not far distant.

Perhaps the rudest form of advertising literature is that which endeavours to fasten the puffing of a particular hat, or a particular pair of boots, upon some great contemporaneous political event. This form was popular in London during the early days of cheap clothing; but it has now given way, in obedience to a more advanced and artistic taste. The provinces still cling to it, as being the best and latest style they know, like our metropolitan dressmakers who are content to copy the garments which Paris has worn the year before.

In Scotland, we find an energetic address to the people, containing, amongst heaps of similar matter, the following rousing phrases; set forth with all the art of large and varied type:—"The Disastrous War between France and Austria! Fifty thousand human beings destroyed to no purpose! Thousands upon thousands of disfigured, bloated corpses choking the magnificent serpentine rivers, and fattening the fertile plains of Lombardy. Despots, tyrants, are you men or beasts? Humbug peace; it cannot last, pity if it should! Treachery to the cause of Italian independence! the professed objects of the war overlooked." This is all very stirring political writing—sufficiently stirring to stand no chance of admission into France;—but why is it illustrated with the picture of an ordinary beaver hat? Further on you may read half a long column about the late Italian War, the French alliance, and "Italy, garden of the earth! lovely, romantic Italy! left by a deceptive peace in a worse, because more precarious position, than when the war commenced;" but still the shadow of that hateful, commonplace, every-day, black hat hangs over all this English composition and dims its fire. When you get to the end of the article, you find that you have been listening to the not-altogether-disinterested outpourings of an advertising hatter, who informs you that his stock is very large at present, that he has splendid satin hats, light and durable, from six shillings and sixpence, and a delicious production at eighteen shillings. What would not such an enterprising tradesman with literary tastes have given if Burns had sung in this strain!—

Scots wha ha' with Wallace bled—
Scots wham Bruce has often led—
If you want a graceful head
Go to Ross, the hatter.

This is the simplest and least artistic form of adver-

tising literature. The main object—to state the name, the address, the leading article, and the average price—is concealed, it is true, until the reader arrives at the end of the essay or poem, but then it comes upon him with the shock of a most fearful anti-climax. He is not let into the gaping mart of the enterprising trader, in a gentle, persuasive way; he is addressed by earnest politicians, or sung to by beguiling poets, who suddenly throw off their masks, and stand confessed as noisy touters demanding his custom or his life. His nerves are jarred; his taste is offended; and a feeling of antagonism grows up within him. He will not only not buy, but what is worse, he will neither read nor listen with anything like attention in future. His faith has been severely shaken; and the clumsiness of the puffing trader has created a cynical scepticism.

Sometimes this literature indulges in certain eccentricities, by attempting to address the inhabitants of a foreign country, in their own tongue, without proper guidance, or by soaring into the lofty regions of tragic poetry. As a fair sample of the latter kind, we may take a tragedy in four acts, called 'Alexander the Great,' which is "dedicated to the stage" by the author, Mr. Paulin H. Pearce, who describes himself as a "sea-actor." In all publications like this, there is a large share of literary pretension, and while the instinct of the tradesman (or professor) leads him to advertise his every-day trading occupation, he yet preserves the sensitiveness of the author. We would not willingly say a word to wound the feelings of the highly expert swimmer who has written this tragedy of 'Alexander the Great,' but as it comes into the category of "advertising literature," we merely describe it as it stands, as tenderly as though we loved it.

The author very judiciously begins with swimming, and his preface runs thus:—"A few rules I submit with confidence to your notice on SWIMMING, for I have taught above five thousand persons the art, and performed the parts of Julius Caesar, Hercules, and Alexander the Great in the open sea; and swam to the Brake Buoy and back at Ramsgate before thousands of spectators, likewise from Dover to Calais, Margate, Broadstairs, and other places; cooked and ate dinners, caught fish, fired blunderbusses, bows and arrows, flew several kites at one time, sailed on the water, dressed and undressed, &c. &c." Mr. Pearce then tells us how to swim well,—how to float on our backs,—how to swim on our backs,—how to turn back when we are swimming,—how to turn from our stomachs on to our backs, and the reverse,—how to stand in the water,—and how to dive. Then comes the tragedy, written in blank verse, with occasional bursts of rhyme, from which we give a short quotation:—

ACT I, SCENE 2ND.—THE SUN AND MEADOWS.

Enter Diogenes with his tub rolling.

DIOGENES. The massy sun sheds golden beams of day
Illumes the waving sea and gushing spray,
The eastern sky unfolds harmonious sounds
Through all the spheres vibrate to ocean's bounds,
Creation, order touch the golden strings
And planets roll upon their aerial wings,
Soft yellow clouds with waving lustre shine,
Shaded with solar halos bright divine.
Hail! glorious sun, clear shining light of day,
Thy vital beams revive the dormant clay,
And vivify the air with beaming light,
All nature glories in thy massy might;
I pay thee homage for thy glowing heat,
Few are my wants, fresh herbs my daily meat,
What are ambitious conquerors to me,
Whom all the gaping crowds now run to see;
There's Alexander, swelling in his pride,
To make the world an ass, that he may stride
The stubborn brute, for this his father sign'd,
Some future time he'll ride the horned moon.
Ha! ha! he thinks new cares are quite a boon,
And I will back within the bright sunshine,
Nor let this hero turn this brain of mine. (Basks.)

When Mr. Pearce has waded through his tragedy in some such style as this, he gives us his address, where he is always to be found, and then concludes by telling us how to swim on our sides; how to swim feet first; and how to swim like lions and serpents. How to swim and recite his tragedy at the same time to crowds of listening and admiring spectators, he does not inform us.

As a sample of the foreign advertiser endeavour-

ing to address himself to a strange people, we may take the treatise of a Dutch quack doctor, printed in what he fondly supposes to be English by John Enschede, of the City of Haarlem, in Holland. We have all heard of the enterprising and advertising daring of our leading English dealers in quack medicines; and we have all been told that there is no language in the world which does not set forth their specific remedies. Perhaps our Dutch quack doctor may not be the only bold advertiser whose language may have been laughed at by the alien and the stranger!

"This medicine (he says) works miracles with every one, that makes use of it, and the Grace of the Omnipotent God is experienced in it to admiration. When you take this Remedy, it unites it fell to the stomach, and is the fame as a flying mercury, not letting the vapours rise without being mixed with them. It likewise prevents at moist humours from running through the veins or nerves. If you take fifteen drops of this Remedy after supper, going to bed, it will expel all gravel or stone without the least inconvenience; and what we admire most, is that it dissolves subtile time it calls, same inwardly by the etat. A sick man Abraham van Nut having been under cure of the most eminent physicians for upwards of three years, was at last carried to Amsterdam to undergo an operation apogee we weak that the could not bearone. Abut freely making of our Remedy haw entrufst lyrostored to his perfect health. It cures all Anxie ty Megrims, Giddines, and Headakes, big smetting it, or by putting in the eras of the sick person a little bal of cot ton loaked in the same Medicamentum. You may anoint Ulcers, Malignant sores, all cankers be assured of its perfecture. The greatest Pain of Colick that cambe, immediately ceases with ithty Drops of he fame Remedy. This is the content of our Medicamentum Gratia Probatum, or the Remedy approved by Grate; but I find no remedy for those thae follow bed Council, or advice; nor for those thae do not libe medicine; much lefs for those that seems too delicate in taking it. This Medicamentum is made and sold in the City of Haarlem, in the Provincie of Holland, at the house of Nicolas de Koning Tilly' who is the author of the fame, since the year 764, and so was his Grandfather Claas Tilly before him, that was the Chief Inventor of it, since the year 1898."

The favourite form which advertising literature has long taken and kept, is that of the Almanac. A certain distinguished example, which was started, we believe, for the purpose of making known a few patent medicines, has now attained a circulation, although professedly published at a shilling, reputed to reach nearly half-a-million every year. The chief object for which such publications are issued is apparent on nearly every page; and you are advised in what months you ought to give your children a particular dose of a certain physic or your cattle a particular allowance of a certain food.

The highest order of advertising literature, and the one in which may be seen the earliest attempts to secure a permanent position on the library-table or the library-shelf, is the trade history. We have one of the Umbrella, another of Boots and Shoes, another of the Cocoa-Nut palm, and another of Wool and Woollens. To this we may add a republished series of letters upon the use of Fire-arms.

The first of these is issued by a well-known umbrella manufacturer, but it contains nothing that might not have been collected and put together by any one unacquainted with that particular trade. It is meant to be readable; it strives to be amusing; and it is illustrated by a distinguished comic artist. We have fancy pictures of Jonas Hanway, and Egyptian frescoes, a few patches of Greek and Latin quotation, a few doubtful stories, and a postscript, which means business, at the end.

In the second of these trade histories—the one of boots and shoes—we have even more learning in the Egyptian fresco style; a good deal about Greek, Roman, and Saxon shoes; an illustrated account of foot costume in England; and a discourse upon the anatomy and treatment of the foot. All this is made to revolve very skilfully round a certain patent leather, which the author has invented, and

manufactures into shoes for tender feet. The account of the cocoa-nut palm is framed in the same way, and for a similar trading purpose; and the letters upon care with fire-arms, while they contain much useful information, are intended as an index pointing to a certain shop at the West-End. Although they are addressed "to all true lovers of the trigger and friends of humanity," it is difficult to believe that their spirit is purely disinterested. A clumsy sportsman, who shoots himself on his own door-step, is a gun customer destroyed, and the literature which attempts to preserve him may be the same as that of the Scotch hatter, in which the "Fifty thousand human beings destroyed to no purpose" are loudly lamented, because, being dead, they can no longer want hats.

The triumph, however, in this kind of literature was reserved for an advertising firm of cheap tailors to enjoy. 'The Wool and Woollen Manufacturers of Great Britain,' written, we presume, by Samuel Brothers, as their name appears upon the title-page, and published by Piper, Stephenson & Co., is a trade history, as far removed from those before mentioned, as a 'Lay of Ancient Rome,' is removed from a Catnach ballad. A large octavo book, of nearly two hundred pages, with broad margins, printed in the highest style, upon the finest gilt-edged, glazed paper, and published at 10s. 6d., in an ornamental cover, is an example of advertising literature of which the age may be proud. That it is armed to fight for that coveted place on the drawing-room table or the library-shelf, is evident from the style in which it is published; and that it is never meant to attain a large and fleeting circulation, is also as evident from its price. People who give half-a-guinea for a book, or who are presented with a volume whose price is half-a-guinea, will take good care to secure it from the waste-basket, even if they are not interested in, or capable of judging of, its contents. This is the truth which Messrs. Samuel Brothers have discovered, and by acting upon it, in a bold and enterprising spirit, they will secure a certain amount of breeches-pocket respect for their volume (the first of a promised historical and descriptive series), and be handed down in indissoluble connexion with "Wool and Woollens" long after the ephemeral cheap or gratis trade histories which surround them are forgotten. J. H.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Sept. 3.

"Tenez, Monsieur, vous faites de la peinture en Angleterre!" said a dignified, elegant countess to me in a Paris salon, in 1855, when I told her that the English intended to contribute largely to the Universal Picture Exhibition. It was the belief of the lady that the English manufactured nothing save cotton and iron, and that Poetry and Art had hardly dawned upon our "bizarre" race. It was easy to excuse the lady's ignorance. She had possibly derived her notions of England from Jules Lecomte or M. Wey. But it is provoking to find Frenchmen who have opportunities for close personal observation, and who are, moreover, tolerably read, still airing their complete ignorance of England and the English.

Your remarks on M. Menche de Loiseau's elaborate contrast between France and England suggest to me some few further illustrations of the general literary estimate of ourselves by our neighbours. M. de Loiseau has lived in the midst of English people for years in his Boulogne prefecture. He is a thoughtful and a well-read man. He is popular in the town he governs. He has leisure and abundant opportunity to study the English character, and the result of reading, observation, and analysis is—a view of us not less exaggerated than the famous 'Voyage de Désagrémens à Londres.' From his windows M. de Loiseau can see the cliffs of Dover; in his daily walks he meets troops of English mothers with their children. He is brought hourly in contact with Englishmen and Englishwomen, and yet he understands the genius of them, or the heart of them, as little as an inhabitant of Jeddo comprehends the economy of one of Her Majesty's ships of war.

Whence has M. de Loiseau derived that bold

summary wherein he declares that English mothers are without heart, and English children without poetry? I fear that it is the old story of a Frenchman having studied a people after he had made up his mind with regard to them. Did not M. Francis Wey live in London, and return to Paris to tell our neighbours that strangers were charged a shilling each before they could enter our tavern parlours? Did not this writer dine at the Reform Club, and write that here sherry, port, claret, and Bordeaux preceded the champagne? Did he not discover that every Londoner walked with a stick? Is it not due to M. Wey that the Parisians believe we have only two cheap articles in London, viz.,—flowers and cotton nightcaps? You have exposed M. de Loiseau; but let him not stand alone. He is a moderate sinner against us. Way for Wey! Here is an English scene drawn by a Frenchman:—

"A cutler placed some needles before me. This created a desire in me to buy a knife. He showed me a single one. I asked for two or three. He placed them in a row before me, told me their prices, and left me to myself. I sat down, looked towards the ceiling, and, as Méry has it, sang a song which does not exist. The artisan took up his work and his file. Presently he remarked to me that it was very hot; whereupon I replied, very patly, 'yes.' As I played with the knives I at last chose one. The cutler examined it, and said to me, 'Not is good.' He put it down again, and returned to his work. I then endeavoured to make a more sagacious selection; whereupon it was the cutler's turn to say 'yes.' I wanted a really good knife. The tradesman picked one out and placed it before me. When I asked to make my own choice, he said—'Very good, very good!' Still he did not move, but kept murmuring in my ear, 'Very good.' Well, I bought the pen-knife. It is carefully made, and the steel is very fine, I presume; but it will not cut at all." I can only congratulate M. Wey upon having chosen the shop of a very patient cutler, who allowed his customers to gaze at the ceiling while he hummed an air. But then the cutler was, of course, not an Englishman, since he told his customer that a certain knife "not was good."

But M. Wey shines in generalities. He is bold when he has a verdict to pronounce or a warning to offer. Thus towards the end of his experiences he addresses his compatriots, exclaiming—"Lively children, devoted to the culture of fashions and dancing, fear the disdain of this austere and grave people, who furnish Europe prodigally with learned ladies' companions, and who govern by the fingers of their legions of dentists all the jaws of the Continent." I am inclined to excuse even M. Wey all his absurdities, since he confesses that his friend, Lionel Banks, dragged him from one end of Cremorne Gardens to the other, and then refreshed him—with ginger-beer! M. Wey is not, in short, so serious as the Boulogne Sous-Préfet, but he is quite as near the truth.

He is as near the truth—or rather as near a correct appreciation of us—moreover, as M. Edmond About, the now established romance-writer, whose 'Tolla' (reviewed four or five years ago in the columns of the *Athenæum*) was welcomed as an original and an elegant work. M. About has recently published a very clever and amusing book ('Le Roi des Montagnes'), in which some English and American people figure. One American is called William Lobster: the English ladies are Mrs. and Miss Simons. Mrs. Simons has a share in the house of Messrs. Barley & Co., a London firm. The ladies are taken by the robber band commanded by the renowned Hadgi-Stavros,—whereupon their Britannic eccentricities ooze out. The chief eccentricity of the elderly lady is to assert that she is English at every turn. She is on the edge of a precipice, whereupon she is made to exclaim that "she is English, and therefore not made to fall down precipices." Her other Britannic peculiarity is her gluttony. She has an insatiable maw. British phlegm is illustrated by the following dialogue between mother and daughter:—"Mary Ann."—"Mamma?"—"I'm hungry."—"Are you?"—"I am."—"I am hot, Mamma."—"Are you?"—"I am."—"You would readily believe," the author adds, "that this wonderfully British dialogue made me smile. But, not at all; I was fascinated by the voice of Mary Ann."

Aburdities of this description, however, may be found in nearly all the living romance-writers of France. The most distinguished English names are mis-spelt in the leading French journals; and M. Théophile Gautier opens a review of the British school of Art, in the columns of the *Moniteur*, by declaring that this Art is always "aristocratic and gentleman." Only a few days ago *La Presse* reported the speech on war matters of Sir Sidney Herbert. Still Jules Lecomte's assertion that England is all iron and coal is the belief of the Boulevards; while the Quartier Latin is fixed in its faith that the great majority of Englishmen have red hair. Errors with regard to us, as old as the time of Louis the Fourteenth, are still printed and reprinted in the current literature of France. Stale squibs current in England fifty years since, and affecting our national character, are absolute living facts to the vast public under the sceptre of the Third Napoleon.

Old Mathews's joke about the varieties of meaning given to the word Box is used, for instance, by M. Jules Lecomte as actual personal observation made in 1851,—the year in which this charmingly incorrect writer treated an English "Miss" (according to his book) to six shillings worth of pastry, which she ate as she stood before a refreshment stall in the Great Exhibition building, in Hyde Park! If, then, M. Lecomte who has visited England—if M. Wey who has lived in England—cannot comprehend us or appreciate us without prejudice, M. de Loiseau may be surely forgiven. It is a pity, indeed, to see so much historical study thrown to the winds. It is unpleasant to wade through long pages of argument to a conclusion based in blind ignorance. But I, for one, was not surprised when I reached the climax of the Sous-Préfet's book. My experience of the literary tone of Boulogne-sur-Mer was too recent to permit me the pleasure of surprise at any exhibition of popular ignorance on the subject of England that might emanate from the Pas de Calais. I knew the temper of Boulogne journals, under M. de Loiseau's inspiration. Let me offer you a few dottings of my experience. A few days since, at Boulogne, I was the centre of terrible rumours: the receptacle for appalling official facts, turned out to be not only non-official, but not facts at all. "See!" said a Gallic friend of mine, the Boreas-in-chief of the local whirlwind, "you detect that white mark upon the line of the blue ocean. The cliffs of England, Monsieur, the cliffs of England!" And he folded his arms as only a Frenchman can fold arms. I thought he would have wrenched them from his shoulders. And he nodded his closely-out head towards the white line upon the blue horizon, solemnly, energetically. I lifted my opera-glass slowly, and then declared that I saw the white line in question. This admission made my friend more energetic than ever. "You see it! you see it!" he exclaimed, frantically; "and do you know that for the last fifty years we have always taken the appearance of those cliffs as a sign of foul weather!" My friend now folded his arms with startling vehemence, and glared under my hat, possibly to see whether I felt faint. But I was lighting my second cigar. Disappointed to discover that the "British phlegm" was not disturbed, Baptiste (my Boreas was called Baptiste) threw me a little newspaper; then cast himself upon one of the benches at the pier-head, and prepared to watch the changes in my countenance, and to catch me should the thunderbolt destroy my equilibrium.

It was a very little paper, with a very imposing title, and with a very lofty style. For news it told me that the English yacht "Mill of the Wosp" had left the port, and that "the chief and lady Clanranold" had taken tickets for the local bathing establishment. It included also, a report of the meeting of the mayor and council, at which the building of a "grandiose" establishment for bathers and visitors had been determined upon. I was invited to take part in the solemn inauguration of a series of children's fêtes, and to assist at a concert, to be given by artists of European reputation, but with whose names I was not familiar. Having

read all these interesting points of information, and glanced at grand "*déballages*" advertised in colossal black letters, I was about to put the dignified little newspaper aside, when my friend rushed at me, and dabbed his fingers heavily, again and again, upon a particular passage. His hands thrust into his pockets spasmodically, his head wagging up and down ferociously, my Boreas glanced at me as I read the little journal's defiance of England.

A great Thunderer on the other side of the Channel had said uncivil things about loyal France. A great Thunderer was not content to see gigantic transports rising above the walls of French dock-yards, even when the Thunderer had been assured that these floating barracks were intended merely to take advantage of the newly-opened Japanese markets. A great War Trumpet was being blown by the "juvenile" English; Dover was shaking with the thunders of practising artillery. What was the attitude of France, under these circumstances?

I glanced from the page of the little paper at my excited friend. His head wagged more vehemently than ever; his hands were searching for a lower depth in his deep pockets: "Proceed, proceed!" he said. He was determined to shame me thoroughly. I proceeded.

Yes, what was the attitude of France under these circumstances? Why the fort of *La Crèche* was crumbling before the attacks of the sea; the fort on the east was dismantled; the heights were without batteries (save that one which saluted Queen Victoria in 1855); the coast was guarded by a few Custom-house officers; and the town was protected by forty-four foot soldiers! Vehement use of points of exclamation give emphasis to the convincing arguments of the little journal.

If these forty-four *piou-pious* and the crumbling fort of *la Crèche* are not convincing proofs of the peaceful intentions of France, the editor of the little journal will be happy to know what proofs mean. But to add perfume to the violets of his rhetoric, the editor will beg the reader to remark, that while Dover is practising artillery, France and England are dancing polkas together in the *Établissement*. "*Eh ben! Eh ben!*" still wagging his head, shouted my friend, following my eyes, glancing under my hat, dodging me, indeed, as though he would mesmerize me. What would be said in England to this? What would our Parliament say? Would not the editor of the Thunderer pull down the blinds in his office; and going upon his knees before a figure of France, proceed to devour a substantial meal of humble pie? Would not the artillerymen of Dover decline to fire another shot? Would not the shipwrights of Chatham, and the engineers of Woolwich leave molten iron at the edge of the mould—the bolt unriveted in the ship? Boreas was quite aware that the English were a *bizarre* race; but the logic of the little journal must appeal to the meaneast understanding.

I ventured to inquire into the importance of *La Crèche*, which is "falling to pieces." It is on the right as I stand at the head of the pier, fronting the sea—fronting England—*bizarre* England—to which, even under the fierce glances of Boreas, I am proud to say I belong.

La Crèche is a heap of stones lying a few feet below high water-mark; a heap upon which some thirty very expert acrobats might perch themselves. "You see!" says Boreas, "all in ruins, and opposite your noisy Dover!" I stroll along the pier towards the town of which the little journal is the mouthpiece, under the superintendence of the thin and sallow gentleman who is approaching me on horseback; who wears the ribbon of the Legion; and who is in the leading-strings of the great personage of the Rue Bellechasse, Paris. This happy reference to the forty-four *piou-pious* has been duly considered and amended by the sallow gentleman. This sallow gentleman is answerable for the little journal's reference to *La Crèche*. This sallow gentleman might make short work of the little journal's editor, if this functionary were to speak his mind regardless of the prefecture. This sallow gentleman, to be technical, "inspires" the editor of the

little journal; and, to be brief, is the author of 'France and England Historically Considered.'

Friend Boreas bows to the Inspirer profoundly, and we pass on to an hotel, when I propose to refresh myself after the excitement natural to a man who feels that his country has given way to "puerile" fears, and has, to use a vulgarism, been "sat upon" by the overpowering logic of a French provincial editor.

A few Gallic ladies and gentlemen are in the *salle-à-manger*. The ladies have just crossed the Channel, and are describing the perils of the transit to their male companions; the said male companions are putting on polite expressions of consternation, and giving way to timely "Bahs!" the while. Having passed six days in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, the travellers are authorities on the present temper of the English nation. With animation almost hysterical the craven fears of the *Anglais* are set before the gentlemen. Then the gentlemen are asked to explain this sudden warlike bustle made by the "droll" English. Whereupon, a tall Gaul, with the figure and force of a spill, rises, and, shrugging his shoulders, says:—"It is very natural that they should be afraid of us." "Shall we have war?" my waiter asks me, as he puts my half chicken before me, and excuses the absence of water-cresses. I confess that I know nothing about the matter. "The English ought to be very grateful to us, Monsieur."—"Why?"—"We saved their handful of soldiers from annihilation in the Crimea. But you English (pardon me, Monsieur) are so self-sufficient! A friend of mine said to me the other day, the English believe that they have a right to every puddle upon the face of the globe. Will Monsieur have an omelette?"—"No, François, thank you."—"I don't say you are not good sailors. But your navy's big enough. You don't want it for the colonies now. You've killed all the Indians—those poor Indians!" And François clasped his hands, with a napkin between them, and looked tragic. "But our army!" And he shook his head over my half chicken.—"Well!" I said, a little nettled, I confess, at being drawn head over heels into an argument by the waiter. François was now folding the napkins into the shape of pyramids, making a roll the apex of each pyramid.—"Well, Monsieur, shall I tell you what I think? Mind I'm an Englishman rather than a Frenchman in sympathy. I think that if the French army once got a *pié-à-terre* in your famous Albion, the English army would not suffice for a breakfast *à la batonnette* for our Zouaves." François paused over a damask pyramid, and repeated that this was his opinion:—more, that it was the opinion of a gentleman from Paris, very high in society there, who had dined at the *table-d'hôte* yesterday. He should be sorry to see a war between the two countries, nevertheless; because the cannon balls would just reach his little "bazaar" (meaning his garret) under the rampart walls; and it was as hard to lose one hundred francs as one hundred thousand, if a hundred were a man's all. "Then, what was to be gained by either side?" François turned ferociously upon me.—"By France," said I, "Glory!" François shrugged his shoulders, declared that he was an ignorant man, and could not deal with State questions; but as for glory, why glory was to him like a tramp by the road-side—very picturesque, but *sans le sou*.

A few hours in the lively, noisy little port on my hasty way from the modern Babylon to the centre of civilization, sufficed to have the above little tunes whistled in mine ear—tunes of which I shall be, not the critic, but simply the transcriber. There are pompous excellencies, and eminences, and right honourables, and high mightinesses enough to transpire, and adapt, and re-adapt, and set to all kinds of discordant instruments, feebler tunes than these, which may serve humble people who are neither excellent nor eminent, as suggestions as to the way of the wind about this time. From ill-natured bluster, opinions based upon ignorance, and sarcasms that could amuse only when knowledge of facts was wanting, I turn to Charles Gouraud's book on the 'Causes of England's Greatness.' Here is a fair and conscientious study of the rise of England's power, compared with which

M. de Loise's long journey upon the wrong road is boy's work. We must be content to permit the Sous-Préfet to sow the belief among his readers (and I hear that a second edition of his book is in the press) that Englishwomen and Englishmen part from their children as sparrows part from their young. The Boulogne Préfet has, unhappily, more power to bring to bear upon the propagation of error than poor François, the waiter, has.

B. J.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A strong list of Presidents of Sections has been appointed for the Aberdeen meeting of the British Association. The Earl of Rosse will conduct the business of the Section of Mathematical and Physical Science,—Dr. Lyon Playfair, that of Chemical Science,—Sir Charles Lyell, that of Geology,—Sir W. Jardine, that of Zoology and Botany, including Physiology,—Rear-Admiral Sir J. C. Ross, that of Geography and Ethnology,—Colonel Sykes, that of Economic Science and Statistics,—Robert Stephenson, Esq., that of Mechanical Science. The list of officers will not be completed until the day of meeting. Two attractive discourses have been arranged for the evening lectures—one by Sir Roderick I. Murchison, 'On the Geology of the Highlands,'—and one by the Rev. T. R. Robinson, 'On Electrical Discharges in Highly Rarefied Media.'

Sir John Romilly has appointed Mr. Sainsbury, whose collection of original documents on Rubens we but lately reviewed, to the staff of State Paper Calendarers. Mr. Sainsbury takes the department of Plantation Papers in hand.

We hear that the Duke of Devonshire has permitted four eminent Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries to make a careful investigation of the Collier Folio. This Folio is at present in the hands of His Grace's solicitor. The four gentlemen will make known the results of investigation in their own way; but we may state generally, that the facts they have elicited tend to prove how hasty and superficial was the inquiry conducted under the eye of Sir Frederick Madden, and to increase the public regret that gentlemen connected officially with a great public library should have allowed themselves to engage as principals or partisans in such a strife. But since the officers of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, lowering their own credit and the dignity of letters, have put themselves forward as a committee of impeachment and public prosecution, where is their indictment? Why does the promised charge hang fire?

Prof. Henfrey, a Fellow of the Royal and Linnean Societies, a Member of the Council of the Horticultural Society, Professor of Botany in King's College, London, and Examiner in Natural Science to the Royal Military Academy and the Society of Arts, died, at his house at Turnham Green, on the morning of the 7th inst. Prof. Henfrey has long been known as an excellent histologist and sound vegetable physiologist. Especially conversant with the botanical literature of the Germans, we owe to his pen many valuable dissertations upon subjects little attended to in England. The papers in the 'Micrographic Dictionary,' written by him in conjunction with Dr. Griffith, are celebrated for their accuracy as well as skilful condensation. The physiological part of his 'Elementary Course of Botany,' and the papers on Vegetable Structure now in course of publication in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, will always be regarded as the productions of a man not only familiar with the truths of science, but able to render them attractive to those who are little accustomed to think upon such subjects. In private life Prof. Henfrey was endeared to his friends by the gentleness of his manners and the genuine kindness of his nature.

We insert the following:—

"Dublin, 34, Blessington Street, Sept. 7.
"In the review, in your number of last week, of Sir Bernard Burke's 'Vicissitudes of Families, and other Essays,' you suggest on his authority that Sergeant-Major Bryan O'Neill is now the 'Chief of the O'Neills of Clanaboy.' Permit me, Sir, to set you right. Sir Bernard does not in any part of his book state so; on the

contrary, in pages 153 and 154, you will find it stated that Sergeant-Major Bryan O'Neill is descended from Henry Cooch O'Neill, the second son of Bryan Balaf, the O'Neill of Clanaboy, while 'Charles Henry O'Neill, Esq., Barrister-at-Law' is stated to be the heir male of Con, the eldest son, and now 'the O'Neill of Clanaboy.' It is plain the descendant of the second son could not be Chief while an heir male of the eldest son is living. This error, though apparently unimportant, is derogatory as well to myself as to the Rev. W. O'Neill, of Shane's Castle, the heir-general of the eldest son, and who is in possession of the ancient castle of the chief of the race with upwards of 30,000 acres of the lands. It has been copied into many of the Irish papers, and has placed us in a false position before the public. You will be pleased therefore, Sir, to rectify it in your next number, or to publish this; and I trust those papers who have published it will, in fairness, also copy the correction. I am, &c. CHARLES H. O'NEILL."

Mr. S. L. Sotheby, our authority on Block-Books, has printed as a sort of supplement to his great work, the 'Principia Typographica,' a Memorandum on the Block-Books preserved in the Imperial Library of Paris. We trust to see the same service done for other European libraries. In the autumn of last year, on the close of his sale of copies of the 'Principia Typographica,' Mr. Sotheby announced his design of visiting all the public libraries of the Continent in search of Xylographic treasures. He went to Paris, and in ten days completed his examination of the most curious works in the Imperial Library, making elaborate bibliographical notes on each specimen, and drawings wherever these were needed for his purpose of comparison and illustration. Feeble health and the approach of winter drove him back to London, his task only just begun. The specimens obtained are from the Apocalypse of St. John—of which the Imperial Library contains a second, third, fourth, and fifth edition,—from Biblia Pauperum, of which there are a first, third, fourth, and seventh edition,—from Ars Moriendi, of which there is an earlier impression than any in the British Museum,—from Cantica Cantorum,—Ars Memorandi,—Enndkrist,—Quindecim Signa,—Exercitium nuper Pater Noster. On this block there is a useful note and confession. Mr. Sotheby says:—"A more forcible example of how unsafe it is to depend upon fac-similes, unless one feels certain that they have been executed under the personal inspection of the author in whose work they appear, cannot be shown than in the fac-simile I gave (*Pr. Typ.*, vol. ii., p. 139) of the Block-Book under consideration. Through the kindness of the Proprietor of the *Illustrated News*, I obtained the loan of the wood-block which had been used as one of the illustrations of the 'History and Art of Wood-Engraving,' by William Chatto, appended to the 'Gems of Wood-Engraving,' published in 1849, by W. Little. The engraving, however, in the original is of a totally different character from that of the fac-simile. It is delicately and admirably engraved, much resembling the style of the designs in the First Edition of the 'Ars Moriendi,' of which two very correct fac-similes were executed under the inspection of the late much lamented Baron von Westreenen, from the copy at Harlem, *Pr. Typ.*, vol. i., pl. xiv. and xv. The coarseness of the engraving in the fac-simile given by Mr. Chatto induced me to think that it had been executed at a much later period." The other blocks from which illustrative matter is drawn, are—Die Kunst Ciromantia,—De Generatione Christi,—Vita Christi,—and an unique block-book of four pages, called Das Leben des Menschen, representing the life of man on earth, in heaven, and in hell. A few single woodcuts are also named. As, by the publication of this interesting fragment, Mr. Sotheby seems definitely to have abandoned his design of making a grand tour of the public libraries of Europe, we hope the librarians or bibliographers of the Continent will accept the task of continuing and completing a useful work.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, according to announcement, the gathering of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers was held at Leeds. The

members met in the Civil Court, at the Town Hall. Mr. John Penn, the great engine-builder, and president of the association, occupied the chair. The papers read were numerous and important, though of more interest to professional than to general readers, as may be inferred from their titles in the following list:—"On File-cutting Machinery," by Mr. Thomas Greenwood, of Leeds; "On the Economy and Durability of some classes of Steam Boilers," by Mr. R. B. Longridge, of Manchester; "Description of a Direct Acting Steam Crane," by Mr. Robert Morrison, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; "Description of a New Pressure Gauge," by Mr. Alexander Allan, of Perth; and "Description of Haste's Safety Valve for Steam Boilers," by Mr. W. Naylor, of London; "On the Application of Super-heated Steam in Marine Engines," by the President; "Description of Fryer's Apparatus for Supplying Locomotive Tenders with Water," by Mr. James Fenton, of Low Moor, Bradford; "On the Construction of Steam Boilers," by Mr. Benjamin Goodfellow, of Manchester; "On Improved Break Power for stopping Railway Trains," by Mr. Alexander Allan, of Perth; "Description of a Steam Crane," by Mr. J. Campbell Evans, of London; and "Description of the Pumping Engines at Arthington Waterworks, near Leeds," by Mr. Filliter, Borough Surveyor. The members of the society visited all the great objects of mechanical interest in the town of Leeds, as well as the waterworks at Arthington, and the ironworks at Low Moor and Saltaire.

A friend, writing from Algiers, describes a remarkable thunderstorm, which burst over that region of Africa on the Monday evening of last week. This storm was of unprecedented power and splendour. M. Morin, a gentleman employed in the scientific department of the colonial government, reports that the variations of temperature, as indicated by instruments far from perfect, were very remarkable. Rain came down like a deluge. The natives—as their superstitious manner is—referred the frightful disturbance in the air to some sacrifices which the Jews were making at the time. It was well for these gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion that the French are masters in Algeria. Under the good old times of Morisco law, an event which is now chiefly interesting to meteorologists and men of science might have led to a fearful massacre in all the towns around Algiers.

A new collection will be added to the Museum of the Louvre. It is to contain casts in plaster of all those works of ancient sculpture which Paris does not possess; as, for instance, the celebrated Torso of Apollonius, the Elgin Marbles, the Laocoon Group, the Apollo of Belvedere, the Venus of Medici, and others.

From the 23rd to the 26th of September an Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibition will take place at Brussels in the Palais Ducal. The Government offers not less than sixty-nine prizes. The Société Royale Linnéenne has undertaken the direction of the Exhibition.

The Germans, at Constantinople, are going to erect a monument to Alexander von Humboldt, in connexion with which a museum, library, and reading-room will be established for the benefit of the late philosopher's countrymen living at Constantinople.

The tobacco-pipe, out of which Johann Sobiesky smoked during the siege of Vienna, and which had been carried away by the French about fifty years ago, has lately been sent back to Vienna, and re-instituted to its former place and honours. We do not know whether this fact is one of the results of the recent peace; if so, old Sobiesky's war-pipe may truly be called a peace-pipe.

We have received the following note—and the inclosed specimen—from Corfu:—"I send you herewith a specimen of a curious vegetable production which I have found growing on the wall of a rather damp room in the citadel at this place. The room in question has not a window, and the only light ever admitted is by the door, which is not often opened. There are two plants of the same kind growing on opposite walls. They attach themselves to the plaster so tenaciously, and their ramifications are so delicate, that it is impossible to remove the finer fibres. The

plant, from which the accompanying specimen was taken, rises from behind the skirting, and covers the wall with its beautiful tracery for a space about three feet long by one and a half high. Its colour is brown, and there is no appearance of leaves upon it. I have searched the botanical works at my command, but cannot find a description of anything of the kind. My first thought was that it might be a peculiar growth from the root of some plant outside the building; but as the latter is constructed on the solid rock, this would seem impossible. Perhaps some of the readers of the *Athenæum* may be able to throw a light upon it. It more nearly resembles seaweed than anything with which I am acquainted. JOHN JOS. LAKE."

—The plant of which a specimen is sent is called a Rhizomorpha; i. e., the root-like expansion of some fungus. Such bodies proceed from decaying wood, and probably, in this case, the plant comes from behind the skirting-board. Mr. Lake may kill it—if he pleases—by washing it with a half-saturated solution of corrosive sublimate. Some of these Rhizomorphas are luminous in the dark. Is this so!

ROYAL COLOSSEUM.—OPEN DAILY.—Eight First-Class Exhibitions and Entertainments. Open, Morning, Twelve till Five; Evening, Seven till half-past Ten.—Admission, 1s.; Children under Ten and Schools, 6d.

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SCIENCE

OPENING OF A WILTSHIRE BARROW.

I have just been down in Wiltshire, opening a barrow in a plantation, not far from the edge of Salisbury Plain. I found in the low tumulus, almost erased and levelled by the rains and crumbling frosts of hundreds of years, bones which, put together, would make about seven bodies, male and female. Having some medical reading, and having also studied anatomy, I think I may trust in my own computation of the number of bodies. The mound was in a fir wood of not more than fifty years' growth, and planted by the celebrated reclusive millionaire, Beckford, the novelist. The wood is on a high plateau of close-cropped downs, and you could almost hear the sheep-bells from the folds on its margin, in the road that leads to his park gates. The gateway itself is perhaps a mile and a half away, but from the mossy edge of the wood you can see the trees in the dead man's park. There was no particular tradition in the neighbourhood about the mound, or its twifellow, which we have yet to open; but the gentleman in whose land it is, expected to find some gold collars, or snake stones, or bronze swords, or flint axes, because a year or two ago, in a ploughed field not very far off, he had kicked up, while out shooting, a bronze spear-head, which is now a trophy in his hall at Chilmark. Except that the two mounds were almost in a line, and had something to do with the Roman camps, or those grassy ramparts that you see about Stonehenge, the Wiltshire man knew or cared nothing about the heap, no more than for the fine earth the mole daily throws up into memorials of its subterranean industry. It might have remained for centuries there, but for my chance visit and some adjacent antiquarian meeting. So, like "fairy rings," widens a love for new arts. Delighting in spending a day among mossy tree-roots and aromatic fir-woods, I watched the whole process of cutting into the mound; and when the two stalwart keepers were tired, I plied the pickaxe and spade with all the zeal and gusto of Hamlet's sexton. We made first for the centre, partly hoping to find a stone chamber with a dead warrior potted inside it, and partly from a small depression at the crown of the tumulus—fearing that the well-known antiquary, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, a friend of Beckford's, who grubbed much in these downs, had been corkscrewing and tasting here before us. We therefore began on the south side, and cut straight for the centre: there finding bones, we worked till we had exhausted that vein; then followed some traces of charcoal at a right angle from the centre, and found more bones, and some fragments of very rude black, badly-glazed pottery. The men, who hitherto had half-suspected that the bones might be those of persons who had died in or been removed from a pest-house for the small-pox, which

stood wild and solitary, some forty years ago, in an adjacent slope,—now finding the bones “very ancient things, surely,” dug with renewed care and energy. The bodies were buried very near the surface of the soil, and had evidently been tumbled in a haste that only fear or indifference could produce. Whether they were the victims of a battle or a village massacre no one may tell; but they were certainly not buried with the decency and religious anxiety with which men in times of peace bury away their dead. On two skulls I observed rude scars, as if from the edge of a flint axe, or some blunt cutting instrument.

But were this all I had to report my letter might well be thought impertinent. It is as an anatomist and phrenologist that I took great pains in securing a male skull, that would give me some clue as to race. I therefore made the keepers pick their way with great care, so as to observe how the bodies lay, and to trace the position of the bones. The ribs, as they stuck through the clay like bits of dead stick, we picked out and cleaned. The teeth we collected in as large pieces as possible. Where I could I pieced and mapped together the skulls and spinal columns,—antiquarian zeal, as I put together the ghastly puzzle, strangely jostling with deep thoughts of life and death. The nature of the mound we soon discovered; it was loose down earth, dug apparently from a hollow still visible adjoining, beyond which are some traces of earth rampsarts and trenches; this was heaped over a pile of flints, below which you came to the hard surface, chalk and barren ground which had never been disturbed. Under the flints in straggling confusion were the black ashy earth layers, the scraps of pottery and the bones and skulls. The male and female skulls were clearly distinguishable: the former were small in cavity and of immense hardness and thickness, three times the modern thickness, as if of savage aboriginal men accustomed to go bare-headed. The female skulls were as thin as the finest pie-crust, and delicate as terra-cotta, but equally intellectually deficient. Although some of the thigh bones were curious and even earthy, and had white roots of bind-weed grown through their tubes (just as you see drain-pipes choked up sometimes), I obtained one male skull perfect in its frontal and occipital portions. I shall be only too happy to show it to Mr. Wright. The forehead is lower than a baboon's, receding and curved inwards, and rather sunken. It is small, but flinty, thick as a negro's. The teeth, too, many of them evidently those of a young man in the prime of health, were perfect, pure white in their enamel as any you see at a dentist's door. The molars were unworn, as if nothing harder than acorns ever set them working. The front teeth were very narrow, long and sharp. I am sorry I did not preserve any, but they were all decently re-buried. One of the few bits of pottery proved to be part of the base of a shallow rudely-made jar unornamented. I, who generally see a great want of imagination or a great deal too much imagination in both antiquaries and commentators, would not be so rash as to deduce any theory of race from a single Wiltshire barrow; but I must confess that this and some other recent discoveries almost lead one to suppose that England was, long before the Roman time, inhabited by some aborigines of a very low type, who fell before the Celt as the Toltec did before the Aztec.

G. W. T.

FINE ARTS

A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH ART.

THE English Department at the Manchester Exhibition was rather “a snap”—a lunch—than a full meal. Blake, Fuseli, Cosway, Mortimer, and hundreds of lesser men, were scarcely, if at all, represented. We want a complete historical Exhibition of both engravings and pictures, to illustrate every phase, change, and epoch of our growing art, from Hogarth's time (the real birth) downwards. The early English Missal-painters might be given. Bewick, with his woodcuts, should be there; and water-colours should be also well represented, in lineal descent, from Paul Sandby down to Rowbotham “the pretty.”

We all know what interest the Society of Arts Exhibitions of Etty, and others, have excited. This would be more interesting, and twice as educational; for amateurs and students who read Art-books find perpetual allusions to the ephemeral greatness of such men as Fuseli and Romney, yet know not where to go to see their works, of all the thousands they left.

A real National Gallery would pride itself more on a perfect sequence of such specimens than in broken-backed early saints and caricature antiquarian specimens of very old masters.

What we want to see is a complete picture of our great London Juvenal's mind, from the hard times, when he sold his plates to a Cornhill dealer, over a bottle, for half-a-crown a pound, and from the two landscapes on copper that he exchanged with Major for plain copper, fit for engraving, down to his last picture of the ‘End of all Things,’ upon which he was working when Death—that very old master—came and took him from the easel. It is the exceptional thing—such as Hogarth's designs for Milton and Reynolds's views from his villa on Richmond Hill—that those who love English Art would give their ears readily to see. We should like to see the early portraits by Wilson before he went to Rome, and Hogarth's design of ‘The Element of Earth,’ which he executed for the tapestry-weavers of Mr. Morris, the upholsterer, and which he refused to pay for, and was successful, too, before a jury. His ‘Harlot's Progress,’ perished in the great fire at Alderman Beckford's, at Fonthill; so that, like all the Belvoir Reynoldses, is for ever out of our reach; but we can have the absurd altar-piece that Kent, the charlatan architect, painted for St. Clement's Church, and which Hogarth laughed down by a clever parody. Then we might have, to show his special capabilities, and the width of his range, some of his Vauxhall scenes, painted gratuitously for his friend Hayman, and a large religious picture of his, which is, or was, the altar-piece at St. Mary's, Redcliff.

As a specimen of the feeble decorative art of Verrier and Laguerre, we could have photographs from Sir James Thornhill's work in the hollow dome of St. Paul's.

Of Reynolds, we should want not so much his later works, which are well known and easily procurable, but his early efforts, when he studied Gandy or worked under Hudson. We should get his first successful effort in his first-floor studio in Plymouth, the portraits of the Commissioner of the Dockyard, a great man, whom Reynolds was so proud to paint, and Captain Hamilton and the handsome young lady, afterwards the infamous Duchess of Kingston, Foote's special foe.

To compare with these, we should want, to observe where Reynolds got his cheesy texture from, Gandy's ‘Exeter Alderman’ and some of his early copies from Guercino, before he went to Minorca with Keppell. From this age of his art we should pass on to his life in Rome, where Wilson was then studying, and where, just after having, on Mont Cenis, met Anderson, his old master, and Roubiliac, he came to Paris, and found Chambers, the architect of Somerset House, there, and painted the portrait of his beautiful wife, the daughter of fat Wilton, the mediocre sculptor. This picture is the first of his Nelly O'Brien series, and is in the open-air, ‘Chapeau de Paille’ manner. This portrait, if existing, would have special interest, as marking a point of growth in the artist's mind. The next step would be ‘The Boy in the Turban,’ “not in the least like Sir Godfrey,” which astonished people so much on his return from Rome, and upon seeing which, Ellis, the forgotten painter, opened first his foolish eyes, and then his foolish mouth, and uttered the memorable dictum: “Shakespeare in poetry and—Kneller in painting: dam me!” Then, as we should require Lawrence's first memorable female portrait of Miss Farnen, we should like the picture of the two Greivilles as Cupid and Psyche, painted during his rivalry with the Swiss Liotard, just after his removal to Great Newport Street (now Mr. Gibbs's, the printseller), about the time he met Dr. Johnson at the Misses Cotterall's, in the same street. For other periods, and interesting, yet rare-known works, we might select his portrait of the infamous ‘Egalité,’ his

sketch of ‘Elizabeth at Tilbury,’ and some of his Boydell pictures. Fitting and would be the unfinished picture of the Marchioness of Hertford, with the very touch on it that he made before he felt blindness and death approaching, and laid down his pencil for ever. To illustrate Reynolds's humour, we should not forget his caricature of the School of Athens, introducing the English students who were at Rome with him to contrast with Zoffany's caricature of the almost contemporaneous Royal Academy of London.

Of Wilson, we should prefer his ‘Ceyx and Alcyone,’ the mellow greens and yellows of which were said to be copied from the crumbly cragginess of a broken Stilton cheese (some say, painted for a cheese), and his Welsh scenes of ‘Dinas Bran Castle’ and ‘Longallan Bridge,’ together with some of his finest Tivoli scenes, and those Welsh sketches left by him unfinished, when he died, at Colomondie, near Mold.

Of honest Gainborough, give us, we should say, to compare Wilson, and Girtin, and Sandby, and show how our landscape art originated, some early Suffolk sketches of trees and flocks, particularly that sketch of ‘The King's Yacht passing Landguard Fort’ which he painted for his troublesome patron, Governor Thicknesse. Of his portraits, we should have that one during the painting of which he fell in love with the lady he painted (Margaret Burr), afterwards his wife; also, the portrait of his friend and son-in-law, Fisher, the haughty-player. ‘The Boy at the Stile’ he gave Colonel Hamilton for a tune on the violin; the picture of ‘The Waggon’ he gave the Bath carrier as a present; and a good handful of the thousand sketches he left behind him, like Art-seed, to sow for future crops, particularly that of ‘The Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth,’ full, I hear, of incomparable grace.

Of West's learned dullness I think a few miracles from Hampton Court would suffice us. We should like in addition his ‘Death of Wolfe,’ placed side by side with Blake's nude and antique treatment of the same subject, and some of West's easy studies,—his ‘Death of Socrates,’ some of his early Philadelphian portraits, and that of ‘Lord Grantham,’ that he painted at Rome to show Mengs.

Of mad, wrong-headed Barry we should like to see ‘The Preaching of St. Patrick,’ which, at the Dublin Exhibition, first won Burke's notice; then, his ‘Alexander’ and ‘The Potion,’ that first pleased Reynolds. We should also have some of this strange man's cabinet pictures—his ‘Pandora’ and ‘Venus,’ and the ‘Narcissus’ (said to be lost), which he painted, by Burke's advice, as a companion to his own ‘Mercury Inventing the Lyre.’

Of that wonderful genius and enthusiast for Art, Blake, we could easily obtain many specimens, if it is true that he left behind him cart-loads of verses and sketches. We should have selections of his engravings and his paintings, his ‘Dante’ and ‘Job’ studies, his ‘Prophecies’ and his ‘Gates of Paradise.’ We should have his ‘Jerusalem’ that he never could sell, and his ‘Ancient of Days,’ that he kept tinting till almost the day he died. A man who wrote verses like Shelley, and painted with the tenderness of a Fra Angelico, it is a disgrace to us to forget.

Of the debauched, wonderful Morland, a few white horses and mellow golden pigs, as at Manchester, are utterly insufficient examples. We should have his ‘Sailors Revel at the Cabin in the Isle of Wight,’ and some of his sketches of domestic life—particularly those in which he introduced the portrait of his unhappy wife.

Bird's ‘Chevy Chase’ and ‘The Will’ and the ‘Volunteer's Cottage’ should be exhibited, both as specimens of Bird's talent, and also because these works lead us on to Wilkie. In the same manner, we might compare Fuseli's dreams with Mortimer's clay-coloured imitations of Salvator Rosa, and Runciman's ‘Ossian’ with Reynolds's ‘Shakespeare,’—just as Blake's spiritualisms would lead us on to David Scott's, &c. So we should compare David Allan's Carnival scenes with the Italy of our modern painters. Some of the thousand exquisite drawings of Gainborough, as I have said, and the eight hundred sketches that wild Fuseli left behind him, should be there. There, too, should be the

few landscapes that Reynolds painted when down at his Richmond villa. Where we could get them, there should be portraits of the painters—the gross, sensual ones to lessen the high-typed ones, to raise our opinion of the minds that wore such masks.

A thousand moral lessons of warning, encouragement, and humiliation would be taught by such an Exhibition. It would show that the atmosphere of Art is subject to as sudden and transitory squalls as the world of fashion. It would show the wilder P.R.B.'s that their fancies will change and pass as Barry's ideal has, or as Harlow's meretriciousness, as Fuseli's ill-coloured dreams, and Blake's visions of the Devil through cellar-windows and demon fleas. T.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—A private view of the Royal Manchester Institution Exhibition of Modern Pictures and Works of Art will be held this day (Saturday). The public will be admitted on Monday. Report speaks well of its attractions.

The private view of the Exhibition of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts took place, as we announced, on Saturday last. The collection includes many works which are known to the frequenters of London Exhibitions; but there are some others, which have never been previously exhibited in this country. Amongst the former are Mr. Elmore's 'Charles the Fifth at Yuste,'—Mr. Hart's 'Athaliah's Dismay at the Coronation of Joash' and 'The Captivity of Eccelino, Tyrant of Padua,'—Mr. Lee's 'Cornish Coast' and Mr. Faed's 'Sunday in the Backwoods,' which, we find from the Catalogue, is now the property of Mr. Houldsworth, of Glasgow. The Academy is also represented by Messrs. Knight, Roberts and Sidney Cooper, among the painters; and by Messrs. Weekes and Calder Marshall among the sculptors. The pictures that will be most interesting to visitors from London are the numerous works from the Continent of artists whose productions are rarely seen in this country. Mr. Preston, of Liverpool, has lent two works by Hornung, 'The Morning after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew' and 'An Incident in the Youth of Henry of Navarre.' There are two pictures by Leu of Disseldorf, both of which were sold at the private view; one of them a Norwegian Fiord, which closely resembles a picture by the same artist in the Queen's Collection at Osborne; in which, however, the view up the fiord is interrupted by a fog. The picture at Liverpool is larger, and the view up the fiord is entirely uninterrupted. The contributions from Paris include Caraud's picture of the young ladies of St. Cyr performing 'Athalia' before Louis the Fourteenth and his Court, which is also the property of a Liverpool merchant.—The contributions of Sculpture are large, and so distributed as greatly to assist the general effect of the gallery; the latter, however, is too small for the requirements of the Society. Among the groups of sculpture we must notice 'The Angel's Whisper,' by Mr. Spence, of Rome, the property of Mr. James Smith, of Seaforth; and 'Cupid Captive,' by Mr. Fontana, of London. Mr. E. G. Papworth, Mr. F. M. Miller, Mr. Christopher Moore and other sculptors are represented by an aggregate of nearly forty pieces, some of great beauty of design and execution. A goodly sum was realized by the sale of pictures at the private view; the sales on succeeding days have been comparatively trivial. The total amount, we believe, is unprecedentedly large for Liverpool, and reflects credit upon the amateurs of Art in that wealthy city. The following are the principal sales effected:—'Norwegian Fiord,' Leu, 130*l.*—'Lake of Lucerne,' Büttler, 60*l.*—'Rocky Coast, Norway,' Cordes, 40*l.*—'Fiord, Norway,' Melby, 30*l.*—'The Lesson,' J. J. Curnock, 47*l.* 5*s.*—'Angers,' Müller, 25*l.*—'Dutch Trader coming to Port,' Taylor, 20*l.*—'Westminster, from Lambeth,' Anderson, 60*l.*—'Lake in Bavaria,' Leu, 90*l.*—'The Britthorn,' Becker, 50*l.*—'View in Surrey,' J. B. Smith, 21*l.*—'Country Girl of Silesia,' Boser, 20*l.*—'Little Church-goer,' Boser, 27*l.*—'Woodland Scenery,' Kepler, 80*l.*—'The Wetterhorn,' Lindlar, 80*l.*—'The Boudoir,' Ludovici, 42*l.*—'The Serenade,'

Bosch, 25*l.*—'The Alchemist,' Webb, 25*l.*—'Storm at Sea,' Beechey, 21*l.*—'La Belle Lisette,' Heapy, 52*l.* 10*s.*—'Ella si Lusina,' Amiconi, 23*l.*—'The Alhambra,' Dobbin, 60*l.*—'Rocks below Ilfracombe,' West, 40*l.*—'Love and the Novice,' Rowan, 20*l.*—'The Lake of the Four Cantons,' Jungheim, 25*l.*—'La Colazione,' Amiconi, 26*l.* 6*s.*—The total amount is upwards of 1,350*l.*

The Exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists opened on Thursday with a collection of works of painting and sculpture, between 500 and 600 in number. Contributions have been received from local picture-galleries, and from patrons of Art at a distance. Mr. Phillip's 'Spanish Contrabandistas,' the property of the Prince Consort, Leslie's 'Columbus and the Egg,' Collins's 'Sunday Morning,' Stanfield's 'Portna Spania'—Giant's Causeway, Roberts's 'Basilica of San Lorenzo, Rome,' Danby's 'Games of Anchises,' Mr. F. Goodall's 'Scene in Brittany,' Mr. H. W. Pickersgill's 'Portrait of Wordsworth,' hang on the walls. The members of the Society and local artists exhibit a majority of the works.

Mr. J. C. Barratt desires to protest against some disparaging remarks on a picture called 'A Venus by Titian,' recently in his possession, and now the property of the Duke of Wellington; which remarks—not of our making—he considers derogatory to his honour and judgment. 'Whatever opinion,' he says, 'may have been formed respecting the work of Art referred to, I must assure you, that artists and connoisseurs from all parts of the world have pronounced it to be a genuine Titian. I have myself been in business in the Strand, as a picture-dealer, for twenty-three years, and believe that I have had ample opportunities for becoming so well skilled in my business, that I can tell a genuine picture from a mere copy. I believe the 'Venus' in question to be by the hand of the great master, and not a copy. I am willing to give 100*l.* provided a fac-simile of my late Titian can be produced.'

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Faust: Opera, in Five Acts—[Faust, &c.]. The Music by Charles Gounod. Piano and Voice. (Paris, Choudens.)—This is the most important stage production of its author, which has been published in a complete form. Only the selected pieces from M. Gounod's second opera, 'La Nonne Sanglante,' were printed; and these, though comprising the introduction, the legend, the exquisitely luscious tenor air, the supernatural music, and the dances (numbers enough to establish the reputation of a composer) included little of the great concerted music.—That opera, too, perished beneath the grime of its story and the imperfect manner in which it was executed. The pianoforte score of 'Le Médecin' gives small idea of the comedy and charm of that opera on the stage. M. Gounod's first opera, 'Sapho,' is only now about to be printed. Meanwhile, to any one having musical sense and appreciation of style (that rarest of modern gifts), this transcript of 'Faust' will say enough. Containing, as it does, some matter to which objection may be made, and little music available for concert uses, it is, nevertheless, a first-class opera, by a real musician.—The many salient phrases of beauty which the ear seized on a first hearing [*Athen.* No. 1639] gain, in place of losing, by being returned to quietly.—The choruses, as we have said, are throughout remarkable; though largely marked by the affection for unisonal writing which characterizes M. Gounod. This is used with great success in the opening chorus of the second act, where the different groups of people, students, burghers, old men, girls, have different melodies to give as they cross the stage,—each of these a sharp, clear, taking tune for many voices. That such fancy means no harmonic poverty on M. Gounod's part, still less want of power to write, is shown by every bar of combination which he has produced; as at the close of this very *Kermesse* chorus,—as in the admirable episode which diversifies the "Fanfare" of the Soldiers' "Chorus," No. 13. It may, however, be carried too far; let the instrumentation be ever

so various, or the passage in itself be ever so spirited. Something of the kind is to be felt in the lovely garden-duet, No. 11. As a succession of *solos*, we know nothing in the range of love-music that exceeds this. The phrase, "O nuit d'amour" (p. 117 of the score) and its reply, "Je vous t'aime," are among the most exquisite breathings of passion in melody;—phrases not to be heard without delicious emotion. But they pass (as was said on the performance of the opera) too quickly, where, if inwrought a *due*, they would have produced an effect nothing short of magical.

Examination confirms every good impression as to the pure and beautiful dramatic colour thrown over the parts of *Margaret* and *Faust*, the former especially. In the latter there may lie something beyond the reach of music to express. The first notes given to the girl as she crosses the stage during the waltz at the *Kermesse* (one of the best and simplest waltzes of modern times), have the delicacy of the pearl, the freshness of the daisy (to play with the name fancy, in them. *Margaret's* great scene, where she finds the jewels, is excellent in the quaint mournfulness of the old ballad which commences it, and the elegance of its *cabaletta*. The grace of the passage, "Comme une demoiselle," is worth noting; because it is a characteristic of M. Gounod that his closes are almost always felicitous, satisfying, and new without torment.—Of the garden-scene we have spoken. In the church and prison scenes, the heroine's part is raised to its true height with as much force as freedom.—The final terzett, where the burst of passion is thrice repeated, each time in a higher key, has in it the sweep and delirium of inspiration.

Less successful, as was said already, is the part of *Mephistopheles*; the fault, it may be, of the character. The *Valentine* is admirable—touched in the true Cavalier colour. Short as the part is, it is about the most covetable one for a baritone that we know. The duel trio (No. 15), and the death of the murdered brother of *Faust's* victim, are noble creations. The imprecation of the expiring soldier (pp. 168 to 173) is the most dramatically powerful passage in the opera—M. Gounod's best music.

Many more details are there on which we could expatiate; but those already enumerated will suffice to direct such readers as put trust in us to this remarkable setting of a known story. We know of no serious opera by a French composer in any respect equal to 'Faust,'—and maintain that the work entitles M. Gounod to take rank, after—yet with—the Glucks, Spontinis, Rossinis, and Meyer-beers, who have devoted their genius to the production of that union of melody with declamation which is demanded by the French tragic stage; and whose music from Paris has travelled the world round.—Pianists who like arrangements of operatic music, and who may have some curiosity to test for themselves the justice of the warm admiration expressed, may like to recur to the four-handed arrangements by M. Renaud de Vilbac of the most taking themes from the opera. Those which are dramatic, we need not say, defy such transcription. The opera is about to be published with the addition of vocal recitatives; in another form, with Italian text; thirdly, in full score.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Second Trio for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello. Op. 52.—*La Sautelle, Solo for the Violin.* Op. 53. By Bernard Molique. (Schott & Co.)—That demand does not in every world—as in that of political economy—insure supply every chamber-musician will bear witness. What pianist exists who is not famishing for a new *Trio*?—the two by Mendelssohn having made it clear that, without any aping of Beethoven, or idle desire to exaggerate those incompleteness which the younger world has accepted as perfections, there remained still new *Trios* to be written. But Mendelssohn's couple of compositions are worn threadbare; and England (as yet) declines to accept Schumann as Mendelssohn's successor and superior (Germany, for a while, rated him)! For England, at least, nothing of modern date can be named comparable to this *Second Trio* by Herr Molique. Practice in composition is doing for its writer what it must and will do by every practiser—purifying, if not originating, melody. Every theme in this *Trio* (as

compared with Herr Molique's former one) is frank when not fresh. The composition (needs it be said?) is capitally made—only, the pianoforte has still to struggle with some difficulties, which need not have been introduced for any effect that they bring, and which would not had Herr Molique been a pianoforte player. But this triple *Sonata*, as it stands, is thoroughly interesting; more so (to convey impression by instance) than any work of the kind by Dr. Spohr; altogether, in brief, the best German *Trio* that has come to us. The 'Satanella' is bright, pleasant, incessant—a capital violin solo for any violinist who, not being a composer, may want a solo written by a better composer than himself.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth numbers of *Bijoux Perdus*, First Series (Chappell & Co.), are devoted to Dussek's first, second, and third French airs. The last two are not in strict agreement with a title which promised "six airs, with variations." Nos. 2 and 3 are not airs, with variations; but *Rondos* on airs. The distinction is clear. A theme which suggests and a theme under embroidery are two separate things. Especially is such difference felt in the case of Dussek,—who, like many another composer, was apt to fail in the *Rondo* (the fascinating final movement in his *Sonata* 'Plus ultra' making the exception). In these two French airs—the themes, moreover, being paltry—the treatment, though not professedly scholastic, is a little heavy. In this particular form of composition fancy in episode is relishing, as well as that clear touch of continuous science which is to bring back the *ritornel*—and supposing the above two requisites granted, there is still wanted a third,—power in producing a well-proportioned climax and *coda*. If in this very difficult part of a composition—where Beethoven himself often disappoints (in his final movements—even in that of his surpassing *Rudolph* trio, becoming abrupt, jerking, and not so much fanciful as small) how should Dussek get through? He is never deep—not always accurate—seldom, if ever, playful. At all events, we fancy that these last two "French airs" of his hardly come under the designation of "lost jewels."—Two *Waltzes*, Op. 93, by Stephen Heller (Schott & Co.), are as distant from Dussek as Chopin is from Clementi. Both are noticeable, as every bar of M. Heller's music must be,—both are in the sentimental style of waltz, which no one understood more perfectly than Chopin (witness his admirable *Waltz* in a minor),—neither, we fancy, might have been written had not Chopin led the way.—There is not, however, imitation in them so much as trace of suggestion. This is said with less reluctance, because there is something new left to be struck out in the *Waltz*; and M. Heller could do this better than any contemporary, would he study character rather than reverie.—The melodies of these waltzes, especially the one given out by the left hand, remind us of Chopin's later works, in being not so much melancholy as morbid. They are things to be dreamed over in a dark room:—and life is too short, and memory too full of sorrow, to make many dark dreams welcome. The above remarks in no respect impugn these compositions as wanting merit or character; but the individuality is less than we like to meet, and the difficulty of them (for they are anything but easy) will distance the player before he attempts to possess himself of their somewhat vague, but certainly mournful, sentiment.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Mr. Chappell has pleasantly told us how, musically, this island well deserved the name of "Merry England" in times gone by. That which has been, may be again. Here, at all events, has drifted up from Yorkshire an advertisement which promises something festive and pleasant,—worth publishing where its publication can never have been contemplated, as a sign of the times—"A Grand Village Contest" is to take place at Loft-house, in Cleveland, on Friday, September the 30th. Some of the "Regulations" are as follows:—"That the district shall embrace all villages within a distance of thirty miles. That each band intending to compete shall consist of not more than fourteen members, each member

having been enrolled in the said band at least three months before contesting. That each band shall have the privilege of choosing one piece of music, the other to be selected by the judge. That no professional shall be allowed to play with any band." There is something in the above, both old and new. What is to be liked in it is, the cheerful resolution of self-amusement indicated—not without a glance upwards at those better things which belong to culture and refinement.

The *Cantata* to be performed at the Annual September *Fêtes* at Brussels is this year by M. Samuel—a young composer, from whom good music is to be expected. A Symphony by him, it may be remembered, was much praised some months ago in the French and Belgian journals.

Among the papers of M. Simon, a French notary, was the other day found a parchment of more than common dramatic interest. This was a memorial from the "*Comédiens du Roy*," playing at the then Court theatre, that of the *Palais-Royal*—instituting a pension of 1,000 livres annually for Louis Béjart. This seems to be genuine, traces of the gold powder used for "sanding" the ink being still visible; and the signatures give it a more than ordinary value, including those of Molière (whose autograph is a rare one), Grésinde Béjart, his wife, Madeleine Béjart and Gédéviève Béjart de la Villanbrun. The *Théâtre Français* is said to be bidding for the document as an enrichment of its archives.

M. Fétis writes, in the *Gazette Musicale*, in high terms of a new book, '*Music in a Moral and Religious Point of View*,' by Madame Marie Gjerz.

M. About seems resolved to be everywhere: after trying his hand at novels, Art-criticism, travels and politics, he has been making an attempt on the province of Little Comedy,—a trifle by him, '*Risette*,' having been just produced at the *Théâtre Gymnase*. M. Janin describes it as merely a fit subject for the Amnesty.—A greater card to be played in the course of the coming season will be '*The Prodigal Father*,' by M. A. Dumas, the younger:—a title from which it may, perhaps, be inferred that "wicked children," male and female, have had their day, and that bad parents (there are such characters) are about to be subjected to the lash.—'*La Marastre*,' a drama, by a novelist rarely successful on the stage—we mean De Balzac—is about to be performed at the *Vaudeville* theatre.—Mlle. Déjazet, the audacious and evergreen, has entered on the management of the *Théâtre des Folies Nouvelles*, for the inauguration of which a prologue, to be contributed by only some score of *vaudevillistes*, is talked of. But of matters of multiplication and of corroboration there seems to be no end in Paris. '*Cricri*,' the new fairy spectacle at the *Cirque*, has thirty-two changes of scene, and four authors, one of whom, Mlle. Thys, is already known as a musician strong enough to get a hearing for an Operetta, written by her, at the little theatre of M. Offenbach.

MISCELLANEA

Ffolkes Papers.—Some weeks back there appeared in the *Athenæum* a communication respecting the discovery of some volumes in MS. of Martin Ffolkes's, containing various papers in connexion with the Royal Society. Now, there is said to be extant a paper by Ffolkes, relative to Saxton's series of Maps, respecting which Gough, in his '*British Topography*,' vol. i. p. 87, states, that Dr. Birch told him "Mr. Martin Ffolkes wrote a dissertation on Saxton's Maps, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* about fifteen years back; but I have sought it in vain; and the difficulty of finding it in the *Minutes* of the Royal Society, where it most probably is, has twice disappointed my search." Should this said "dissertation" be among the papers recently resuscitated, a communication of it, or of some information as to its contents, could not fail to be a duly appreciated boon to the lovers of English Topography—a fraternity that has increased—is increasing—and ought, for the honour of the country, to be "*Legion*."

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Shacklwell, Aug. 29.

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CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME

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